



# THE Liguorian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

20 cents

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## Amongst Ourselves

The happiness of brides and bridegrooms and the stability of homes are made a special object of concern and study in this June issue of *The Liguorian*. "Beatitudes for Brides" and "What Are Fathers for?" represent the serious side of wedding bells and orange blossoms. Of course neither article will accomplish very much if those who read them do not start out with a fund of virtue, good will, supernatural charity and capacity for self-sacrifice. One of two things is lacking in every marriage that disintegrates: either knowledge of how to make a success of it, or sturdy virtue, i.e., unwillingness to make the sacrifices, compromises and effort that happy marriage requires. Without this latter all the knowledge in the world will not make a marriage succeed. It is good for brides and bridegrooms to remember that very special graces are provided through the sacrament of marriage, to support the good will and supernatural charity that will be needed throughout life. Articles like those here published provide the knowledge that must accompany the good will.

The vocation months call for more or less light reading, and so the July issue of *The Liguorian* will be strong on stories. In the midst of the stories will be found the article promised last month, under the title "On Going to Hell." This will be in fulfillment of the express statement of Pope

Pius XII this last Lent that what the world needs badly is a realistic grasp of the truth about hell. A great many readers of *The Liguorian* have at some time or other made a mission given by the Redemptorist Fathers, because the majority of parish missions preached in America are conducted by Redemptorists. They will thus recall that such a mission hammered away at the exceedingly important truths concerning the supreme task that every human being has of saving his soul, avoiding sin, preparing for death, fulfilling the duties of his state in life, escaping hell and winning heaven. They will also recall the enthusiastic crowds that came to be reminded of these essential truths, the throngs around the confessionals and at the communion railing, and the change for the better that came over themselves and so many others as a result of the meditations of the mission. It should not seem strange, then, that *The Liguorian*, published as it is by the Redemptorist Fathers, will continue the work of the missions, and strive to keep alive and effective thoughts about the most serious business of all men's lives. That is why every issue of *The Liguorian* in some way brings back home the essential goals of man's life on earth. It may surround these with a multitude of other interests, but the heart of the matter will be there.

### The Liguorian LIGUORI, MO.

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# THE *Liguorian*

JUNE, 1949

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

## Beatitudes for Brides

Here is the blueprint for the bride's happiness after the wedding ceremony and the honeymoon are over. Readers who may feel that husbands are left without badly needed advice are referred to the article, "What Are Fathers For?", in this same issue.

*D. F. Miller*

THERE WILL BE many happy brides during the month of June. All of them would like to turn into happy wives and to remain such after the first, tenth and even the fiftieth year of their marriage. In large measure this goal is within their own power to attain. Barring only those who have entered into marriages marked by some grave defect from the very start, all wives have the making of their own happiness in their hands.

A beatitude, as the word is originally applied to the spiritual counsels of Christ, is the statement of a condition for happiness. Out of the lessons of wide experience of what brings about happiness in marriage, one can easily draw up a list of specific beatitudes for those who have adopted the great vocation of a wife and mother. Ten such beatitudes are given here, and each one, as will be explained, represents a principle that has been forgotten or neglected by many wives to the lessening of their happiness or the imperilling of their homes.

1. *Blessed is the wife who knows the value of money, but who does not value it too highly.*

A wife must enter marriage determined, on the one hand, to be a prudent and careful manager of the family income, and, on the other, not to permit the love of money and all that it stands for to interfere with her duties as a wife and mother. If she is a spendthrift, i.e., one who wastes money on unnecessary and foolish luxuries, or if she demands that money be spent to gratify her personal whims, without regard to her husband's prudent wishes and concern for the future, she will be sowing the first seeds of unhappiness in her home. If, on the other hand, she has a false view of the value of riches, if she wants to "keep up with the Jones's", if she resists having children because it costs too much, if she pines and complains about the smallness of the family income, she will make life very unpleasant for her husband and destroy his love. Also, if, without a good solid reason approved by her husband, she insists on taking or holding a job after marriage, she may find some day that she has earned a considerable sum of money but has lost her husband. On all money matters it is most important that husband and wife

act in agreement, even though this means that both will have to compromise on their own wishes at times.

2. *Blessed is the wife who encourages her husband in his work, makes her home wherever his work takes him, and neither demands that he change jobs to please her nor complains that he is less successful than others in making a living.*

A wife makes a great mistake who, because she does not like the work her husband is doing to make a living, insists that he take up a job that appeals to her but not to him. As the breadwinner of the family it is his right to decide what kind of work he will do, though he should discuss the matter with his wife. Similarly, it is a wife's duty to make her home wherever her husband thinks he can make a good living. If she forces him to turn down a good job because it would take them far from where she wants to live, or if she would make him commute cross country to his work, she would gravely endanger the stability of her marriage. Finally, she would seriously strain the bond of love if she were repeatedly to express dissatisfaction with the work he has chosen to do or his ability to earn a good salary. It is the wife's task to encourage her husband in whatever work he does to support his family.

3. *Blessed is the wife who gives neither too much attention to her own family, nor too little to her in-laws.*

It may as well be faced by every wife at the beginning of her wedded life that, unless she and her husband are practically without relatives, there will be some problems arising on the subject of in-laws. They will all come from the natural tendency of one or both either to remain too closely dependent on their own family or to resent the closeness of their partner to family and

relatives. A wife must therefore show clearly that while she still loves her own family dearly and loves to visit its members now and then, she has nevertheless given her first and greatest love to her husband. She must not permit her mother and father to command her as if she were still under their authority; she must never neglect her husband to be with or to carry out the wishes of her family; she must not want to live with her family if it be at all possible for her and her husband to find a place of their own. At the same time she must be just and fairminded in not resenting her husband's showing just as much love to his family as she wants to show her own, and she must hide every feeling of dislike she may have for any member of his family. If both husband and wife remember that their love for their families has become secondary to their love for each other, and if they try equally to share each other's family, there will be little danger of jealousy and squabbles.

4. *Blessed is the wife who keeps her home neat and clean, and her personal appearance attractive, not only on occasion to please outsiders, but at all times to please her husband; and who is determined to please him with her cooking.*

Husbands do not easily fall into the habit of seeking recreation outside their own homes and away from their wives, if they have wives who make and keep their home neat and clean, even though it be a very modest and humble dwelling. A wife must dedicate herself to this task, even though it means hard work and giving up some outside activities. Just as important is her attention to her personal appearance. If she becomes slovenly and careless in this, even in the privacy of the home, she must not be surprised if her husband does



not care whether he is with her or not. If she knows little about cooking when she marries, she should be determined to study and work at this until her ability will be a source of constant admiration and joy for her husband.

5. *Blessed is the wife who is prepared to overlook her husband's faults, to forgive his mistakes, and to bear no grudge beyond sundown.*

Every bride should be aware on her wedding day that, as married life goes on, she will meet with faults in her husband that she did not see or know before. One important part of her marriage vow should be the promise to overlook such faults when they do come to light and begin to annoy her. She should also know that he will make mistakes, just as she herself will: he may forget birthdays; he may say irritating things about her or to her in the presence of others; he may now and then stay out late when she expected him home, etc. Few wives would not feel some resentment over such mistakes, but a good wife will not let this boil over into anger. Above all, a wife must steel herself against bearing grudges over a period of time. No matter how much she may feel offended, she must be determined not to carry her resentment over from one day to another.

6. *Blessed is the wife who despises and forswears the use of tears, tantrums and nagging against her husband.*

Sometimes it is possible for a wife to attain some momentary or temporary purpose by the use of tears, tantrums or nagging, but by such expedients she always loses far more than she gains. If in the midst of a conference or discussion about some minor or major domestic issue the wife breaks into bitter weeping because it appears that she is not going to get her way, the couple will soon be unable to discuss

anything together and the teamwork of married life will be ended. If a wife is subject to tantrums, i.e., fits of hysterical self-pity and wild accusation against her husband, she will eventually build up walls between herself and him that nothing will be able to break down. But even worse in its effect than momentary outbreaks will be the habit of nagging, i.e., of whining and grumbling about the same pet peeves and grievances day after day. It is from nagging wives that men are most seriously tempted to seek escape and freedom.

7. *Blessed is the wife who has no need of jealousy of her husband's friends because she knows how to hold first place in his affections.*

The best antidote for jealousy is the keeping of the rules that are set down here as means of happiness in marriage. It is almost an invariable rule that jealousy appears and thrives in wives who have neglected some of their duties or given their husbands positive cause for lessened affection for themselves. If a wife remembers that the marriage vows do not of themselves insure a husband's fidelity, but that the wife must make herself worthy of it throughout life, she will not be inclined to think that he is transferring his affections to someone else. When a husband starts to philander, the wife should examine her conscience.

8. *Blessed is the wife who knows that children are the primary purpose of marriage; who looks forward to having them, welcomes them when they come, and has forearmed herself against all arguments in favor of the sinful limitation of her family.*

A wife who would be happy in marriage must have the right attitude both toward children and toward the marriage right that is designed for the

conception of children. She should not even enter marriage without this, and if there is anything about these matters that is doubtful or unclear in her mind, she should make it her duty to seek and demand clear and complete instructions from a priest. The most important thing, however, is that she keep her heart free from the contaminating philosophies of the day concerning children, e.g., that it is good to wait a few years after marriage before having children, or that it is a terrible burden to have a large family, or that the moral law need not prevent a married couple from deciding to use their privileges and prevent the coming of children. A wife's happiness depends on God, and God will grant true happiness only to the wife who faces the essential fact of marriage that, as long as husband and wife agree to live normal married lives, it is for God to decide how many children they will have, and for God to take care of them and of the children when the latter do come. It is also important for a wife to remember throughout marriage, even unto old age, that her marriage contract has bestowed on her husband a right to marriage relations that she may not in conscience take away from him, no matter what her feelings about it may be.

9. *Blessed is the wife who takes frequent refreshment and strength from the Sacraments, who is determined to build her home around the practice of family prayer, and whose first and all-embracing purpose is to help her husband and her children reach heaven.*

All true happiness on earth, in any walk of life, depends on the spiritual outlook that there is something worth striving for in life that no temporal gain

or loss on earth should be permitted to interfere with. The easiest way to destroy happiness on earth is to think that all happiness can be attained on earth. Most divorces can be traced back to this cause: people think that marriage is going to bring them their final and complete happiness; when it does not, they turn to another partner and another spouse and find the same lesson being repeated all over again. Happiness in marriage begins with the quest of happiness in heaven for oneself, one's partner and one's children; and this quest is made actual by prayer, the reception of the sacraments, and the fearing of nothing except sin.

10. *Blessed is the wife who asks not so much to be loved as to love; not so much to be served as to serve.*

This beatitude is taken from the famous prayer of St. Francis of Assisi; he was both a very happy man, and a man beloved by millions. It should be made the prayer of every wife. She should not make the mistake of thinking that, because her husband waited on her hand and foot during courtship, and served her most graciously during the honeymoon, she has a right to expect to be waited on and served through the remainder of her life. She should pray and endeavor to love and to serve, not to be loved and to be served. It is impossible to win and hold the love of another by merely demanding it, even though that other have promised to love one always. The woman whose first purpose and highest ideal is to love and serve her husband to the best of her ability will not be the one who will be heard complaining some day: "My husband doesn't love me any more."

### Interview

The small boy was being introduced to the old family friend.

"How do you do," he said. "My how I've grown. May I go now?"

# The Passing of the Callused Knee

A dirge over the disappearance of one of the minor marks of the true church and of its loyal members.

E. F. Miller

ONE OF the oldest traditions in the Catholic Church and one of the happiest is rapidly passing away; and sadly. It is the tradition of the callused knee, the knee made horny, scaly and rough to the touch by the exercise of kneeling.

Sadly, I say. For centuries the callused knee was almost considered a fifth mark of the Church, taking its place alongside catholicity, apostolicity, universality and holiness. St. Cyprian had said in the second century, "Wherever you find Peter, you find the Church of Christ." For many centuries after St. Cyprian anybody might have said, "Wherever you find calluses on knees, there you find the Catholic Church." From the very beginning "Catholic" and "callus" have gone together. Wherever you found a Catholic, you found a callus. Only the Catholic religion (with a few minor and dispirited exceptions like the Anglicans and the high Episcopalians) demands kneeling as an external means of worshipping God; but you cannot kneel very long without developing barnacles of a most unsightly kind on each knee.

However, we dare not lay too much stress on this statement that calluses prove the divinity of the Catholic Church. Charwomen have calluses on their knees. And they may be good Lutheran charwomen, or Presbyterian. They do not acquire their calluses from kneeling down to worship God in Catholic churches, but rather from kneeling down on hard and ungingiv floors in order to scrub them. But outside of

charwomen, there is hardly a person in the world who can boast of calluses except a Catholic. That is why we say, "Discover callused knees and you have discovered the Church of God."

But callused knees have served for more than merely a mark of the Catholic Church. They have served as mirrors in which a man might see the worthiness or unworthiness of his life, each stratum of callus on his knees furnishing proof that all was well between him and God, or each smooth fold of flesh that should have been a thick layer of callus proclaiming an attachment to the world or the comfort of the world that did not promise well for eternity. Just as the Gothic cathedral was the *Summa* in stone of Catholic beliefs, so also the knee was the indicator, the thermometer, of Catholic fervor and morality. If there were few calluses on the knees of people, there were few saints. If there were many calluses, there were saints in prodigality. The thirteenth century was called by James J. Walsh "The Greatest of Centuries," because it produced so many holy people in every class of society. A far better title would have been: "The Thirteenth Century—The Century of the Callus."

Finally, calluses on knees have more than once been responsible for adding new names to the martyrology of the Church. The man professing the forbidden religion was taken by the police. He was asked whether or not he was a Catholic. He kept silent, as he had a perfect right to do. The trouser of his

right leg was lifted far enough to disclose the knee. The calluses were discovered. And immediately fires began to crackle, axes began to glisten, and wild beasts began to roar. Just as the priest carried a *spiritual* indelible sign of his priesthood on his soul, so also did the Christian carry a *physical* indelible sign of his Christianity on his knees. Neither the one nor the other could be effaced, the former in eternity, the latter in time. Both were symbols of great pain and great joy, temporal pain and everlasting joy. Both were voices literally asking for martyrdom.

Today, unfortunately, knees have changed, even amongst the best of Christians. There are to be found such phenomena as nuns' knees and housemaids' knee, broken knees and crooked knees, knock-knees and stiff knees. But rarely can be found the good old Catholic knees known as callused knees. Indeed there are only two groups (if we except charwomen) that as a whole can exhibit such knees any longer.

The first group comprises that of sisters in convents. Contemplative sisters have knees like the back of a toad or the bark of a tree. The teaching and hospital sisters have fairly jagged knees too; but they do not compare with the knees of the contemplatives.

The second group comprises that of the priests, both secular and religious. Two things are to be noted about the calluses on the knees of priests. First, the calluses on the knees of religious priests are generally of a firmer texture and cover a wider area. Indeed, they are so thick sometimes that they present almost a perfect picture of an alligator's horny skin.

But secular priests have their calluses too. During the last war all the chaplains in the army dressed exactly alike. Thus, it would be most difficult to dis-

tinguish from mere appearance between a priest and a minister. There was one smart boot-black (a lad of twelve or thirteen) at Harvard, where the Chaplains' School was being conducted, who succeeded in making the distinction every time. The chaplain would present himself before the boy for a shoe shine. In the midst of the shining the boy would say: "Chaplain, I never saw you before—I swear it. But I'll bet you fifty cents I can tell you whether you are a Catholic or a Protestant chaplain."

Generally the chaplain would be intrigued, and would allow himself to be drawn in by the bet. Then the boy would point to the crease near the toe of the right shoe. "Only Catholic chaplains have that," he would say. Not content with that proof he would raise the trouser leg to the knee. One glance, and he would cry out, "Catholic," or "Protestant." The calluses had once more spoken. Or the lack of calluses. Undertakers have been known to marvel as they gazed upon the knees of ancient priests who were brought before them to be measured and prepared for their coffin.

As far as other Catholics are concerned these days, they are almost entirely indistinguishable from non-Catholics. On beaches where it is the custom to expose the knees to the beneficial influence of the sun, one could not tell, no matter how hard one tried, whether the people bathing in the sand were Mohammedans or Christian Scientists. The knees would be universally the same, Methodist knees and Catholic knees, Jewish knees and Gentile knees. Even in the appearance of the body there has insinuated itself the poisonous doctrine that one religion is the same as the other. It was not always thus. Catholics did not have to wear medals in the old days to proclaim their alle-

giance, or shout out their affiliation from housetops to the pagans below. They bore the badge of their faith upon their very person where even on the beach it could be plainly seen.

The advantage of the callus when viewed from this angle can be easily understood. Our day is an immoral day, a sinful day. Immorality and sin show forth their ugly heads especially on bathing beaches. Swim suits have been devised that are a proximate occasion of sin to almost any normal person who looks upon them and to those who are within them. There should be some way of telling whether the young lady, attired in the modern swim suit, is a heathen and therefore one who probably does not know any better, or a Catholic who has received the pearl of great price but who is besmirching and defiling it by her open defiance of purity. If this latter young lady, like her sisters and brothers of an earlier faith, had calluses on her knees, then all would know who and what she was. Then all would know immediately that she was nothing more than a traitor, a second Judas, a seducer like Lucifer who had received great gifts but who could not be content except in going about like a roaring lion seeking souls to be devoured.

If the callus were still in vogue, many a young woman and many a young man too would think twice before exposing scaly knees for all to see. Immoral styles would not be followed out of fear of an accusation of hypocrisy. "Listen to the high and holy doctrine that these Catholics preach. Then look at them. Behold the scantiness of the swim suits. How do we know that they are Catholics? Why, that's easy. Nobody but a Catholic has calluses on the knees like the calluses on that girl's knees. Where did she get them? You

can be sure that she did not get them scrubbing floors. She got them kneeling down in a Catholic church. She's a Catholic. You can tell it from her knees. But from everything else about her, she could just as easily be a pagan like a pagan in the temple of Aphrodite."

A callus in itself is not enough to preserve the Faith. But when it helps to preserve the Faith, then more power to it. All that we can say is that we are very sorry that it has disappeared from the knees of modern legs. The mere fact of its absence has made the practice of the Catholic religion a little more difficult.

No accusations are hurled upon the heads of present-day Catholics because their knees are different from the knees possessed by their fathers and mothers and by all the others who have gone before them. Their virtues are as many, we believe, as those of earlier Catholics. If present-day Catholics lack calluses, it is because of their priests' lack of sales resistance to the rubber magnates. Their priests have thus taken away from them the opportunity of acquiring calluses.

They have taken the hardness out of kneeling. They have covered over the inflexible boards of the kneelers in the parish church with spongy rubber cushions. They have spent hundreds of dollars, some of them thousands of dollars to make a bed of downy pillows out of that which by its very nature was to be a bed of thorns. They have made of kneeling a pleasure whereas always in the olden days it was a penance and a pain. Catholic people cannot be expected to kneel upon the floor. It is not virtuous to be singular and different from the rest of people. Common sense dictates that the kneelers should be knelt on even though they are

as soft as a bundle of silk or a head of hair. But the more the kneelers are knelt on, the more the calluses, acquired in a rougher era, disappear. Finally there are none left. And the Catholic might just as well be a Baptist, as far as his knees are concerned.

The chief reason given by priests for the covering of the kneelers with juicy and luscious cushions is the preservation of the silk stockings of the ladies. Wooden kneelers, say the priests (prompted by the devil, no doubt), have a tendency to acquire slivers. These slivers have a tendency, in turn, to snag stockings (a technical term, meaning to tear a stocking, or to cause a run in it which, it would seem, destroys the whole stocking for good and all). Since stockings are expensive, continue these priests, and since everybody nowadays must wear silk stockings or their counterpart in nylon, all steps must be taken to prevent their snagging. Thus the cushions on the kneelers. Thus was Eve led on to eat the apple. Fie upon silk stockings! Shame upon the ladies who have as ancestors Agathas and Agneses and Cecilias who sacrificed not only silks and satins but their heads and health rather than give in to softness suggested to them by their persecutors!

But, say the priests in their final argument, suppose a lady snags her stocking and becomes angry in consequence, so angry that she swears in church. Would it not be better to have these cushions so that all such swearing would be eliminated? Or suppose again, a sliver came forth from a wooden kneeler, imbedded itself in the knee cap of the worshipper and brought about a severe infection from which death would follow? Would not cushions be better if they prevented such calamities? At any rate, hard kneelers are not

a part of the deposit of the Faith. There is nothing in the Apostles' Creed about them, one way or the other. You can search the Bible in vain for a single reference to them on the part of Christ. The Bible seems to infer that you can either take them or leave them, and still make it on the last day.

How can one answer such finely drawn arguments except to say that they are the hammers and chisels that have destroyed the tradition of the callus? They are the instruments that have perhaps carved out an awful tragedy that will not be seen in its total terror until the final reckoning. Man cannot get to heaven without calluses some place on his person. For many years, yea, for many centuries the knees seemed the best and most fertile part of the anatomy in which they might grow. They were hidden by the trousers or the dress so as to prevent their being seen by the curious and the superstitious. Thus, there was no danger of vanity. If a man's knees were covered with calluses as a vine is covered with grapes, and all who passed by could see the effects of his constant kneeling, he might become so proud that he would lose his soul in spite of all his calluses. The praises of the people would be his downfall. This could not happen as long as the calluses were confined to the knees. Only God, the man himself and the undertaker would know the extent of his penance.

But what now? Where shall a man and a woman put their calluses? The knees are out. Shall they put them on their heads or on their heels? They do not count if they are placed on that portion of the frame which is generally used for sitting. Yet some place must be found. No calluses, no heaven. It may be wise, first to make a thorough examination of the knees in order to



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find out if smoothness and softness have entirely supplanted roughness and scaliness. It may be that the cushions on the kneelers are not sufficiently pliable to prevent at least some part of the boards beneath from pressing through and causing the merest beginning of a callus to appear. If this has happened, be thankful; and wait upon the budding symbol of your predestination as you would wait upon an exotic plant just managing to live amidst the enemies of a northern climate. Wait upon your callus by kneeling on the hard floor of your bedroom each evening as you say your prayers before retiring. Do the same each morning

after you awake. Find other opportunities to kneel on that which is firm and unbending. Gradually you will note developing that which should be the flower and the pride of every Catholic. Your knees will be objects of admiration before the angels.

But if, on examination, you do not find even an indication of a callus on your knees, then indeed you must fear. Or rather you must begin to work. You are in the kindergarten of spiritual perfection. You are a long distance from your Father's house. You must begin to work. You must begin to walk. You must begin to kneel. We speak figuratively. No calluses, no heaven.

## Free Delivery

According to a correspondent in the *Wall Street Journal*, a missionary on a remote Pacific Island was captured by the cannibals. Somewhat to his surprise, he was not roasted and eaten, but instead was given a sealed packet and allowed to go free, on condition that he would deliver the packet to a neighboring mountain chief.

Striking off through the jungle and along the shore, the grateful missionary encountered a detachment of English seamen, but refused to accept their offer of security, since he had vowed to deliver the sealed package.

The leader of the detachment became curious, and over the missionary's protest, opened the packet. He found inside some fragrant herbs with the note:

"The bearer will be delicious with these."

## Prefix Trouble

Some years ago the American Standards Association communicated with the Australian Standards Society and gave the information that they (the Americans) had adopted the terms "flammable" and "combustible" to avoid confusion with inflammable, since the prefix "in" sometimes has a negative meaning.

The Australians debated back and forth as to whether they too should adopt the change. One of the adherents of "inflammable" as opposed to "flammable" had this memo to offer to the assembled experts:

"If the prefix 'in' is to be lopped off words other than negative, how would this memorandum sound:

"I am structed to form you that the more dustrious and telligent members of the committee on Spection and Surance of Flammable Materials have been duced to refrain from tending meetings in a state of toxication.'"





## *Character Test (74)*

*L. M. Merrill*

### **On Misusing Time**

What constitutes a waste of time is largely a relative matter, subject to many individual circumstances and considerations. What would be a waste of time for a healthy person might be but necessary rest and relaxation for one who is physically weak and run down. What appears to be wasted time in the lives of some people may really be a time of great mental and creative activity. However, there are certain ways of misusing time that can, in anybody's life, be called a waste, and that mark one out with a special kind of weakness of character.

Perhaps the most common of all the ways in which time may be misused is that whereby a person foolishly keeps such late hours at night that he is seldom capable of either rising at the proper time in the morning, or of being fit for his work when he does arise. Almost everybody is tempted to this folly; there is a natural tendency in human nature to want to stay up late at night, and to stay in bed in the morning. The night hours may be wasted in many different ways: by frequenting taverns, movies, nightclubs; by social visits with friends; even by just lolling about at home listening to the radio, watching television programs, or reading magazines and light literature. None of these need be anything but healthy relaxation, if moderately indulged in; but no matter how innocent in themselves, they become a misuse of time whenever they interfere with needed rest and daily duties.

Also under the head of misused or wasted time would come dawdling or doodling for extended periods during working time; idle and prolonged conversations that interfere with essential tasks; day-dreaming and air-castle building in place of study and action. Even sleeping can become a waste of time, because it is well known that some people acquire the habit of escaping reality and duty merely by sleeping longer and napping more often than is necessary for health or vigor.

One need not be an extremist in this matter; nor should anyone rashly judge a neighbor of time-wasting. But in the lives of most people there is room for improvement in the use of time, and it is for each one to judge himself and to make the proper resolves. It is not time-wasters who ever accomplish very much for God or their fellow-men.

# Catastrophe in Detroit

The first scene in this article actually took place, just about as described. The second scene did not take place, and it is doubtful whether anything like it ever will take place. However, it would be well for many to ponder the problem it would raise if it did.

*D. J. Corrigan*

ON THE EVE of March 27, 1949, a group of ten men and women had been hurriedly called together at the headquarters of the Board of Education, Detroit. At the same time down in the streets newsboys were already hawking the early morning edition of the *Detroit Free Press*. A rather well-dressed man stopped at the entrance, purchased his paper, opened it to the editorial page, spent a few moments in perusal; then with a satisfied look on his countenance went into the building and up to join his fellows at the meeting of the Board of Education.

The man was still holding the newspaper when he called the group to order. With an expression of "this is something we have to do, folks, so let's get at it" he cleared his throat and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I was reluctant to call you out tonight, since we have had so many recent meetings. But I thought it necessary to hold this gathering to plan our last minute strategy. We simply have to get the people to put this tax bill across.

"I just noticed that the *Free Press* gave our proposal a nice boost. I take the liberty to read the substantial parts to you:

## **The Schools Ask for More Millage Increase**

The condition of Detroit's public school system is a matter of grave concern to every thoughtful citizen.

Like every other branch of government,

the Board of Education is hampered in its administration by an apparent lack of funds. New schools are needed; others must be enlarged and renovated. Additions to the teaching staff are urgently required. There is, in fact, no department of the City's public education system which does not need strengthening and refurbishing.

To provide at least part of the money which is so badly needed the Board of Education has caused to be placed on the April 4 ballot a proposal to lift the school tax to the extent of \$2.50 per thousand of assessed valuation for a period of five years.

It is estimated that this will produce added revenues of \$50,000,000 during the five year period in which the millage boost is in effect.

No one can, in good conscience, turn down any reasonable request of the schools for assistance.

More than any other division of government, the schools are entitled to first consideration when the taxpayers give up their dollars."

After the reading there were a few grunts of satisfaction. The Board President then continued:

"You see, this tax increase would give us about \$50,000,000 during the next five years. Right now, I do not have to tell you how greatly we need new schools, repairs to old buildings, and at least 1600 additional teachers to our system. With our present facilities our school buildings are literally crowded to the beams and our instructors

are far overburdened.

"In fact, in as much as a good deal of the criticism leveled at our public school graduates by business employers and newspapers the past few years has been justified, it probably can be attributed to the fact that our teachers simply cannot do a good job with too many pupils in the class room. If our graduates cannot spell or read or write, it can be blamed on the fact that we do not have enough money, enough building space, enough teachers.

"Consider these facts: Right now we have an enrollment of about 225,000 pupils. Our budget for 1948-49 is \$68,000,000; for the next school year, \$73,000,000. We are expending \$205.60 a year on each student. Mind you now: This constitutes the outlay only for the schools in the city of Detroit: it does not include the thousands upon thousands of pupils in the suburbs or in Wayne County.

"Ladies and gentlemen: our facilities are so taxed to take care of these youngsters that I don't believe that we have room for one more pupil in the public school system, if a new boy or girl applied tomorrow."

At this point the President was interrupted in his speech by the jingling of a telephone.

By coincidence, in another part of the city that same evening there was another School Board meeting. At the Catholic Chancery office on Washington Boulevard a group had assembled, made up chiefly of a Monsignor and several priests. Strange to say, these men were discussing the same topics that were being taken up at the headquarters of the Public School Board, but there did not seem to be much excitement or worry over it all. Cash and teacher shortages had been an old experience with the Archdiocesan School

Board.

"I see by the newspapers that the State of New Mexico," remarked one grey-haired priest, "has thrown the nuns out of its public schools. I wonder what they will do for teachers, when they won't be able to find any bright-eyed young men or women to go to those forsaken spots."

"Maybe they will have to ask the Sisters to change their style of dress, as in North Dakota, and come back," put in one of his younger colleagues. "You know, that is State dictatorship going a little bit too far, when it tells teachers how they ought to dress. If I were a public school teacher, I would resent it."

"It didn't tell the Protestant ministers teaching in the schools how to dress," broke in another. "I understand that public school salaries just about support many Protestant clergymen in North Dakota."

Here the Monsignor, who represented the Archbishop, joined in the banter: "How would you like to have the politicians dictating to our Catholic schools?"

"Not me," replied the old priest. "I'd rather struggle along, if it guarantees us liberty. My own school is a shack compared to Denby down the street, but without any fear I'd put my lads and lassies up against their graduates any day."

But the old priest had more to say: "I can look back through fifty years of priesthood, when Detroit was yet a small town. I've seen the population grow, and our Catholics with it. My school looks old now, but I directed its building. My people were hard working people, none of them well off, and I witnessed the daily sacrifices they made to put up our buildings and to pay off the debt. It has often burned me to

the quick to see them, in addition, pouring their hard earned pennies into the public school fund, for which they get no benefit in return. I can recall very vividly the fight that Bishop Gallagher and the rest of us had to put up in the early 20's, when the one hundred percenters tried to close our parochial schools. In this country our Catholic schools are saving the American taxpayers \$500,000,000 a year. In all justice, you would imagine that, if they would not be willing to give us a proportionate share in the public tax school funds, to which we have a right and which is done in Canada and England, they would at least have the decency to let our Catholic pupils have the bus, medical and textbook service that our tax money provides. Under a distorted notion of separation of Church and State, there is nothing like bigotry to destroy the American sense of fair play!"

The others smiled at this outcry, to which they agreed heart and soul.

But it was time for the meeting to begin. The Monsignor, who governed the large archdiocesan system of parochial schools, said:

"Gentlemen, with the high cost of everything we really have hit the bottom in a financial way. I don't see how we can keep our school system going at the present time. Several of our buildings have been condemned in their present state of disrepair; we have nothing in the treasury for teachers' salaries; and just at this time an enormous number of our nuns have broken down from overwork. In view of all these discouraging circumstances and of the fact that there are only a few more months left in this school year, I have proposed something very drastic to His Eminence. He has agreed to it, on condition that it will last only until September, when we can have our

repairs made, our treasury replenished, and our Sisters rested up. Gentlemen, what I am about to propose is going to rock this city to its foundations!"

Back at the Public School Board meeting the President reached for the disturbing phone.

"Hello," then after a pause: "Ah Monsignor. Yes, this is the President of the Board."

"Well, Mr. President," stated the Monsignor. "I have news which is going to shock you."

"Hardly any more than what we are dealing with here now," was the innocent comment of the School Board head. "What is it, Monsignor?"

"We have just decided, because of a serious lack of adequate facilities and finance, to turn all our Catholic school pupils over to you."

"What is that?" sputtered the President. "How many are there?"

"In the neighborhood of 100,000," calmly replied the Monsignor.

"But, Monsignor," shouted the President, "you can't do that!"

"I am doing it, Mr. President," was the response.

"What I mean is," choked the President, "you have no right to do this!"

"Oh yes, we have," declared the Monsignor. "Our people have been paying their share of the school taxes all these years and they have just decided to get some return on their investment."

"Well, Monsignor, I don't know what to say," replied the harassed official. "I'll have to talk it over with the Board. I'll call you back within a half hour."

Twenty minutes later the phone rang at the Archdiocesan meeting.

"Is this Monsignor?"

"Yes," expectantly.

"Monsignor," came the distressed voice over the wire. "We are at our

wits' end over here. We haven't the room or money to take care of 100 additional pupils, let alone 100,000."

"Well, some one has to take care of them and if I know the laws of Michigan, you have to do it."

"We have talked it over and there is only one possible solution, Monsignor."

"What is it?"

"Let us have your buildings and teachers, and we'll do it."

"That requires a little thought," answered the Monsignor. "We'll let you use the buildings, because they are tax exempt. Some of them though, have been condemned, for need of serious repairs. By the way, Mr. President, what is the average teacher's salary in Detroit's public schools?"

"About \$300.00 a month."

"I am afraid, then," rejoined the Monsignor, "that we shall have to demand of you \$300.00 a month for each of our Catholic School teachers. They are all qualified, you know."

"You cannot do that, Monsignor," gasped the President.

"I am doing it," calmly replied the Monsignor. "Do you expect them to work for nothing, when the parents of these children are paying taxes? Besides, since we would be using our own buildings and have our own pupils and teachers, we would insist on it as our right to have the children say their prayers and learn their religion in these schools."

"You must be joking, Monsignor," in a weak voice. "You know that we could never agree to that. No, I am afraid that we cannot take care of your 100,000 school children. Either you yourselves will have to find a way, or they will have to do without schooling."

"Oh, no, that won't do at all," stated the Monsignor, rather firmly. "What about Michigan's compulsory school

law?"

There was silence at the other end of the wire. Later it was reliably reported that the President had fainted.

By the next afternoon newspapers all over the nation had startled the country with the headline:

### **Injunction Stops All Detroit Schools**

The entire public school system of Detroit today was paralyzed by an unprecedented act of the Archdiocesan School Board (Catholic) of this city.

Declaring that a depleted treasury and drastic need of repairs for buildings made the step necessary, the Catholic School Board today turned over its more than 100,000 pupils to the responsibility of the Board of Public Schools. The latter stated that they could not possibly take care of the Catholic children.

When Catholic children in the thousands applied today for admittance, they found the doors of Detroit's public schools closed against them. The Archdiocesan School Board immediately had recourse to the courts, and all schools in the city were ordered closed until the problem could be solved.

"Because of the children," declared the Superintendent of Detroit's Catholic schools, "we were reluctant to take this step. But lack of funds made it necessary. However, if it brings this community and the nation to the realization of the unfair burden that our Catholic people have been bearing through the years, of the unjust and discriminatory method of dispensing tax acquired money in the educational field, good will have come from evil."

Only the youngsters seemed to enjoy this unexpected holiday. Feelings are running high in Detroit and the Governor of Michigan is considering the advisability of sending the National Guard into the streets of the city to prevent any

*Editors' note:* At this point the writer of this article woke up.

# What are Fathers For?

Most fathers are good for nothing, one cynic said recently. It must be admitted that in the modern world there are too many who do not fulfill the elementary offices of fatherhood listed here.

*D. F. Miller*

ONE OF the bad features of modern civilization is the fact that the work by which most fathers support their families is done outside their homes. For some this is hard and gruelling work, leaving them little energy and strength for the task of being a good father. For others, such as those who travel to make a living, or whose work calls them away from home for long periods of time, the job of helping their wives to raise their children becomes the most incidental of side issues. For all present day fathers, there is a tendency to divide the work of home-making and children-raising into separate compartments: the father brings in the money and that is just about all; the mother is expected to manage the home and to care for and raise the children practically alone.

No matter what excuses may be made by or for fathers who take little part in the administration of their homes and the raising of their families, it must be said boldly and frankly that this is an abuse, an evil, a curse, and a cause of many of the weaknesses and failures in modern homes. For many fathers, there is no excuse; they have used their jobs as a cloak for sloth and laziness in regard to their duties at home. For others, where there seems to be some excuse, there is an obligation to find a way to get around the excuses instead of permitting them to stand in the way of their active participation in the important tasks of a home.

The obligation of a father in his

home may be listed under six heads, each one of which offers good material for the consideration of any prospective father, and for the self-examination of any actual father.

## 1. Provider

Of course, the first obligation of a father is that of providing the economic necessities of his family. Even in regard to this function of a father, there is a wide range of abuses that tend to weaken the foundations of a home. These abuses often are practiced by fathers who consider themselves wonderful providers for their families; indeed, we are not even considering, in this connection, fathers who won't work, who move from job to job with constant insecurity, or who make it necessary for their wives to work in order to feed and clothe their children.

However, there is a whole list of abuses that seem to be approved in many circles because they are practiced so widely and so smugly taken for granted by many fathers.

1) There is the father who never reveals anything about his actual income to his wife, and never permits her to have a word to say about money matters. There are many wives who have not the slightest idea as to whether their husbands earn \$50 a week or \$500 a week. This is a secret carefully guarded and kept from them. As a result they have no idea how to buy for the present or to plan for the future. A wife and mother has a right to know exactly how much her husband is earn-



ing, and should be taken into his counsels on the economic planning for the home.

2) There is the father who doles out a certain amount of money to his wife every week, usually a just barely adequate sum, on which she is to provide necessities for the home, for herself and for the children. It is surprising how many fathers think this a decent and equitable way of running their homes. Their wives are like unsalaried servants. It is possible to hire people to do the necessary buying for one's home, and such people usually have to be paid a salary. Some men marry a wife and then expect her to act the part of a hired servant, but they give her nothing over and above what is required for necessities. A wife should be a sharer of her husband's income, not a servant held to account for every penny she spends.

3) There is the father who spends freely and lavishly on his own amusements but who says he cannot afford recreation money for his wife and children. He is the man who thinks that because he earns the money, he is the only one who has a right to spend it freely and to enjoy it, and that his wife should be happy if he pays the essential bills and lets her buy the basic necessities. A conscientious husband knows that his wife has a right to spend just as much of his money for her personal pleasure as he does for his own. The ideal thing is that both share in whatever pleasures money can buy.

The foundation for a happy home is the elimination of such abuses and the making of a full and equal partnership out of the relation of husband and wife.

## 2. Teacher

A father and mother, combined, are the first and most important teachers of their children. Neither may resign or evade this function if their children are

to be properly raised. Every other teacher is in some way subject to the teaching authority of the mother and father over their children, and may be called a delegate of that authority.

Many fathers have completely abandoned their duty as teachers of their children. Even in so many explicit words they say that they are leaving all that to the mother and to the school. They cannot be bothered. They are too tired when they come home from work to concern themselves with what the children are learning or should learn. Or they spend as little time at home and around the children as possible.

Nature will take revenge on the father who will have little or nothing to do with the training and upbringing of his children. That is because nature has provided a set-up in which a father, with a minimum of effort, can have a profound influence on the characters of his children. It is nature's arrangement that every normal child admires and looks up to its father; it has made the child ready to accept almost anything from the example and teaching of its father.

Therefore every father, no matter how limited his time or how wearing his work, should make some definite effort to teach his children. He can teach simple and fundamental lessons of morality. He can, once in a while at least, go over a catechism lesson with his children, or over other lessons they are learning in school. He can teach his boys the elements of the virtue of purity and his girls modesty and refinement. He can teach them little tricks of certain trades he may be familiar with, or even how to play certain games. This is one of his jobs, and neither the mother nor the school can substitute for what he is designed to do.

Some fathers use only one means to



teach their children, and that is to scold and abuse them for their faults and mistakes, especially faults that interfere with their peace and selfish comfort. Or they lay down such severe rules of conduct, and punish infractions so violently, that their children are stunted rather than helped in their growth. Correction is a part of the teaching function, but it is of absolutely no value unless it be accompanied by positive effort to make a child intelligent and good.

### 3. Court of Appeal

Because the mother is with the children most of the time while the father is away at work, she should be able to enlist his cooperation in training them by using him at least as "a court of appeal." In cases that require special punishment, she should know that the lesson can be most effectively brought home to the erring child by leaving it for the father to administer. In doubtful matters she should be able to count on his showing an interest in the problem, and in exercising his judgment to assist her own. The father himself should be ready to act as such "a court of appeal," either to administer a proper punishment or to decide an issue that perplexes his wife.

Some fathers do not want or permit their wives to leave any unfinished business of the home for them. They isolate themselves entirely from the business of training the children. "Oh, ask your mother," is the only response they ever give when a child asks them for a permission. They don't want to hear anything about the children's faults and mistakes, will take no part in correcting or punishing them, and are only ready to complain about the mother when their child's faults become notorious. In other words they leave a job that nature intended for two per-

sons in the hands of the mother alone and then blame her if it is not done perfectly. The fact that a father must be away from the home and children much of the time is no excuse for his abdicating all authority over them.

At the same time a good father will not permit himself to become a dictator or tyrant over his children. He has no right to make all decisions and to administer all corrections and punishments without considering the mother's views at all. Nor should he ever contradict the mother's decisions without first consulting her. That would be to make her job an impossible one. Tyrannical fathers (not few in number) usually find that by early adolescence their children have no love left for them at all.

### 4. Companion

It is not difficult for a man whose work keeps him active in the business or professional world to reach a point where he has little or no desire for the companionship of children, even his own. He has his adult associates and friends; he has his work to think about even when he is at home; he has the papers, magazines and books to read, and so he comes to feel that he should not be expected to "waste his time" with the children. "Don't Disturb Daddy" is the slogan around his home, and that means "Don't let Daddy see or hear you around."

Children might just as well be orphans, if their fathers never have time to spend with them. Such children are orphans, for all the good a father will be to them when they need him. It is through companionship that a father gains the confidence of his children, proves that he loves them, and opens the way for their asking his advice when they are in need. Every father should play games with his chil-

dren; should take them to places of amusement; should take walks and rides with them. Only thus will he earn the kind of love that even the worst of fathers would like his children to have for him.

### 5. Substitute

One of the most neglected of all the duties of fatherhood, arising from the separation of the duties of husband and wife, is that of sometimes substituting for the wife in taking care of the children. There are fathers who will spend any amount of money to provide nurses, companions and baby-sitters for their children, when the mother needs or wants to get away for a little while, but who will never assume the obligation themselves. There are others who will not spend anything to have anybody stay with the children at any time, but who expect the mother to be with them at all times. The thought never strikes them that at least now and then the mother should be permitted and encouraged to spend a free evening, or to have a vacation. They themselves have plenty of leisure and a hundred different ways to spend it; but their wives are expected to be on the job at all times.

The problem columns of the daily newspapers are filled with stories of mothers whose husbands never think of suggesting or permitting that they leave their home for a bit of relaxation now and then. Such men are blindly thoughtless and selfish.

It is in substituting at times for the mother in caring for the children that a father has the opportunity of fulfilling many of his other duties towards them. If he permits their mother to go to a show or visit friends or to attend church services of an evening, while he stays home with the children, he is bound to become a good companion, a

good teacher, a good adviser, for his children. He thus accomplishes two good things with one stroke: he gives his wife needed relaxation, and he draws closer and closer to his children.

### 6. Adviser

As head of the family, the father has the obligation to guide his children toward manhood and womanhood, and to stand by as an experienced adviser when important decisions are to be made. He should know, of course, that he has no right to decide absolutely and finally what his children shall do with their lives. It is not for him to determine whether a son or daughter should marry, or enter the religious life, nor even whether they should adopt one career over another. Every human being must select his own vocation, with light and help from God; every human being must, in the final analysis, adopt a line of work that is in accord with his tendencies and capabilities, and not with those of his father.

But in making all such important decisions, every young man and young woman should be able to look to a father for good and sound advice. Sometimes such advice will prevent an inexperienced youth from making a bad mistake. For example, a girl may have fallen in love with a man whom any experienced person could certainly judge unfitted for the tasks of husband and father. The girl's father should be the experienced person capable of convincing her of the folly of marrying such a man. When a son or daughter shows a leaning toward the priesthood or religious life, it is the father's task only to present the difficulties and rewards, the obligations and privileges of the vocation, in such a way as to make the final decision intelligent and wise.

In these important matters he must remember, however, that he is only the

## The Liguorian

adviser. He may never dictate a course that he prefers, nor forbid a choice of vocation or career that does not appeal to him.

Above all, he will find out, when it comes to advising one of his children in the choice of a career or vocation, whether he has been a good father or

not through the years. If he has been a good father, his advice will be considered and appreciated and used for good. If he has not, his children will neither present their problems to him nor consider his advice when he deigns to give it to them.

## Peace in Our Time

Devotion to the Sacred Heart is the answer to peace in our time — personal peace, national peace, international peace. Our Lord made the following promises to all who have devotion to His Sacred Heart and live a life that is in accord with their devotion.

1. I will give them all the graces necessary for their state in life.
2. I will give peace to their families.
3. I will console them in all their troubles.
4. They shall find in my heart an assured refuge during life and especially at the hour of death.
5. Tepid souls shall become fervent.
6. Sinners shall find in my Heart the source and an infinite ocean of mercy.
7. I shall bless the home in which the image of my Heart is exposed and honored.
8. Fervent souls shall speedily rise to great perfection.
9. I will give to priests the power of touching the most hardened hearts.
10. Those who propagate this devotion shall have their names written in my heart, never to be effaced.
11. I will pour abundant blessings on all their undertakings.
12. I promise thee, in the excess of the mercy of my Heart, that its all powerful love will grant to all who receive *Holy Communion on the first Friday of the month for nine consecutive months* the grace of final repentance, and My Heart shall be their secure refuge in that last hour.

## Detachment

To be ambitious is considered to be the great American virtue but perhaps we overestimate its importance in the scheme of things. Father Considine, in his fascinating book on South America, *Call For Forty Thousand*, tells of a conversation with a Quechua Indian in Peru.

"Do many of the Quechua Indians think about their wonderful past history?" the priest asked him.

"Padre," the Indian answered, "I live near these ruins, and often in the early morning or in the evening when I am alone I look out on these beautiful mountains and I feel sad. It is part of the Indian nature to be melancholy, but here among the Quechua we are more so because of the past. Of course, most of us know very little about the past; we only feel that nothing we have in the present is really ours. That is what we think, and that is why only white men are ambitious."



## *For Wives and Husbands Only*

*D. F. Miller*

*Problem:* Is it not lawful for a Catholic wife and mother to decide that her family is large enough and, for that reason, to insist on separate rooms for herself and her husband? After all, it is the wife who has to bear the chief sufferings and burdens of having a family, and she should have the right to decide when there is enough of a family for her to take care of. I know other wives who have done this, and continued to receive the sacraments, and I am doing it too. Since contraception is immoral, this is our only recourse.

*Solution:* Only a very ignorant, selfish and sinful Catholic wife could take it upon herself to make a decision of this kind. This is not to say that such wives are uncommon. They are, however, hard to convert from their pride and rebellion against the primary duties of marriage. We are aware of possible complicating circumstances that confuse the minds of non-Christians; but a Catholic wife should both know what is right and be unwilling to try to change God's law in respect to her duties in marriage.

Here are the principles concerning a wife's duties: 1) Marriage is a sacramental contract by which a man and a woman pledge to each other the right to those bodily actions that are designed for the generation of children. This right is handed over for life. 2) Neither a husband nor a wife may revoke or withhold the right that is given in marriage merely because they no longer care about marriage relations, or because they feel that they have a sufficient number of children. To do so against the will of a partner would constitute a serious sin; permanently to refuse to live as a married person against a partner's will would be to live in sin, just as surely as by living in adultery one would be living in sin. Therefore, if for the reasons alleged in your problem and against your husband's will, you are insisting on living in a separate room from him, you are living a sinful life and are unworthily receiving the sacraments. The fact that other wives of your acquaintance are doing the same does not lessen your guilt in the eyes of God.

The shortcomings of a husband and father in helping to raise the family, so long as they do not amount to practical abandonment or non-support, do not change these basic truths. Indeed, such shortcomings can only be made worse by a wife's failure in her primary duties as a wife. A woman like yourself sorely needs meditation on the importance of obedience to God's will, and on confidence that such obedience will be rewarded both on earth and in heaven.

# God Bless this Fire Engine

Almost every object that a person may use, can be blessed and made a reminder of spiritual things. Here are examples.

*L. G. Miller*

IT TURNED OUT that the man sitting next to me on the train was a Catholic; so he informed me in a loud and hearty voice. He didn't have to inform me that he was carrying a considerable overload of alcohol—there was an almost audible fizz which overlaid his speech.

"Yes, Father," he said for the third time, to me and to everybody else in the car, "I'm a Catholic. Of course," he went on, laying his hand on my knee, "I will admit that I'm not a very good one. I didn't make my Easter duty last year."

I waited apprehensively, wondering into what interesting by-paths his public confession might take him for the edification of the other passengers.

"But I got the ashes on Ash Wednesday, and I'll be there for the palms on Palm Sunday, you can be sure of that."

That did it. I got up from my place, made some excuse about wanting to check with the conductor on the price of locomotives, and moved off. My friend had revealed himself as being a certain type of Catholic than which there is no greater strain upon elemental charity. This type might be designated as the "throat-ash-palm" Catholic. He may think nothing of missing Mass on Sunday on fifty out of fifty-two Sundays in the year, but will endure flood and fire sooner than miss out on his ashes and his palms, and perhaps his St. Blase blessing on February 3rd.

It goes without saying, of course, that such a Catholic leans too heavily

and presumptuously on the blessings of the Church, forgetting that they are only subsidiary, and will profit him not at all unless he measures up to his other responsibilities. The throat-ash-palm Catholic is not a real Catholic at all; he has the name, but his faith is like some easily discarded outer garment, and even the blessings he prizes so highly are prized for entirely the wrong reason, perhaps even out of rank superstition.

Fortunately, such Catholics are not too common. What is more common, even on the part of good Catholics, is a lack of appreciation of the purpose and wide scope of the liturgical blessings authorized by the Church. Perhaps it is a natural corollary, but an unfortunate one, of our secularistic age that this is true, but the good Catholic, entering into the deep significance of the many blessings authorized by the Church, and making use of them as fully as possible, will discover a new and important aid in fulfilling his destiny in life.

When a person or an article is blessed, the signification is simply that God's favor is invoked through the sign of the cross and sometimes by the saying of certain prayers. If I say "God bless you" I mean "May God grant you happiness and peace." In this sense of the word, a blessing can be invoked by anyone at any time; thus does a Christian father invoke a blessing upon himself and his family before they sit down to dinner.

But such a blessing will obviously

be of more power and value if it is backed up not only by individual merit, but by the collective merit of the whole church of Christ. That is why the Catholic church for centuries has authorized certain blessings to be given by her authorized ministers and in her name, and since real religion enters into every department of life, there is scarcely an occasion or an article in common use to which is not attached a special blessing. There are no fewer than 149 distinct blessings (without taking into consideration the sacraments themselves) in the Church's official book of blessings called the "*Rituale*."

Many of these blessings, are of course, in common and every-day use, such as the blessing of candles, holy water, rosaries, etc. Such blessed articles, used with devotion, carry with them the promise of God's special protection for the soul. Besides there are the well-known seasonal blessings already referred to, of ashes on Ash Wednesday, palms, on Palm Sunday, and throats on St. Blase's day; and there is the beautiful ceremony known as "churching" where a mother after bringing forth a child, comes to church to receive a special blessing of God.

But beyond these blessings in more or less common use, there are many others less well known, or commonly made use of only by certain nationalities or in certain districts. Here are a few of them, selected at random from a rich and beautiful variety:

*The blessing of wine on the Feast of St. John.* It was promised the apostles that if they partook of any poisoned drink, it would not harm them. According to a very ancient tradition, St. John had occasion to put this promise of Christ to the test, and when his enemies introduced a virulent poison into his cup of wine, he put them to confusion by

drinking the wine with no evil effects. In the ceremony of the blessing, all sip from a cup of wine, and the priest prays that by the merits of St. John all may be freed from all sickness due to poison and from all other evil.

*The blessing of homes on the Feast of the Epiphany.* Among certain nationalities this blessing is in very common use. The parish priest on the feast itself or shortly thereafter visits every home in his parish to chalk the symbols of the three kings, Caspar, Melchior and Balthassar, above the door, and to beg God that through their intercession "in this house there may be health, chastity, humility, goodness and the full blessing of God."

*The blessing of bread, wine, water and fruit on the feast of St. Blase.* The blessing of throats on this day is familiar to all Catholics; this is a subsidiary blessing which asks God through the merits of St. Blase that no sickness of the throat may result from eating these staples of nourishment.

*The blessing of crosses, to be placed in fields, vineyards, etc., on the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross.* I have seen these blessed crosses in the midst of the rice paddies of the Philippines, and there are other countries in which the custom of erecting them is extant. The cross is a visible continuation of the prayer offered up to God in the solemn procession around the fields on the Rogation days. God's blessing is invoked against "blight, tempests and all infestations of the enemy upon the crops."

*The blessing of seeds on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.*

*The blessing of herbs and fruits on the Feast of the Assumption.*

These two blessings derived their symbolism and meaning from the early universal devotion to the Mother of



God; to our forefathers it seemed appropriate to ask for her intercession on behalf of the living, growing things that man needs for his sustenance, who herself was the most beautiful of God's creatures, and the fruit of whose womb was none other than the Son of God.

An interesting group of blessings is centered around devotion to the saints, reflecting some circumstance of their lives or some virtue for which they were particularly well known. Thus St. Anthony of Padua was celebrated for his shining purity; lilies are the symbol of purity; what was more natural than that the people who revered him most highly should bring lilies to the church to be blessed in his honor. For the same reason there is a special blessing which the church places on the so-called "cord of St. Thomas Aquinas," another shining model of purity; there are also special cords or cinctures, with a particular blessing attached to each, to be worn in honor of St. Joseph, St. Francis of Assisi, and the little girl-saint, Philomena.

A glance through the *Rituale* discloses these special blessings in honor of various saints and for special purposes:

The blessing of palms in honor of St. Peter Martyr.

The blessing of candles in honor of St. Raymond Nonnatus, to invoke his aid in cases of dangerous childbirth.

The blessing of oil in honor of St. Serapion.

Of water in honor of St. Vincent Ferrer. Several other saints also merit a special blessing to be placed on water in their name.

Of water, salt and bread in honor of St. Hubert, as protection against the bite of a mad dog. This last blessing is a rather interesting one, and appropriate in this, that St. Hubert is said to have been converted while out hunt-

ing.

Still another category of blessings can be marked out, and consists of those which are placed on objects in common use. If I bless a rosary, I set it apart as a sacred object, and it should thenceforth be treated with a certain reverence and respect. But if I bless your automobile, I do not thereby set it aside for sacred use; I merely signify that you, the owner, wish to beg of God, through His church, for His protection and guidance whenever you use your car. That kind of a blessing can be placed upon virtually any object, and the church, desiring to bridge the gap that people sometimes allow to form between their religion and their everyday life, has worked out a wide variety of such blessings.

For every one of the objects listed below, there is special liturgical blessing contained in the *Rituale*:

bells	seismograph
organ	furnace
typewriter	medicine
library	beer
fishing-boat	cheese
railroad train	birds
automobile	bees
airplane	cows
bridge	horses
fountain	stable
fire	dynamo
fire-engine	salt

The prayers used by the priest in invoking these various blessings are beautifully phrased, compact and concise, yet designed in such a way that the object being blessed is made to serve as a link between the creature and the Creator. Thus in the blessing of fishing boats (which, by the way, is performed with solemn ceremony in many Catholic fishing ports at the beginning of the fishing season) this prayer is said:



*"O God, Who, dividing the dry land from the sea, hast created every living creature in both, and hast ordained that man should rule over the fish of the sea; Thou who, walking upon the water, didst command the tempest, and didst by Thy word wonderfully fill the nets of the apostles, grant us, we beseech Thee, that Thy servants in these ships may be free from all dangers, may take a large catch of fish, and finally, loaded down with merits, may arrive at the harbor of eternal joy. Through Christ our Lord."*

Maybe you never heard of a train being blessed, but there is nevertheless a special blessing for trains, in which the priest begs of God that while the passengers fly along the right of way in streamlined comfort, they be not unmindful of their duty to hasten along the way of God's law. In blessing an airplane, on the other hand, the church naturally thinks of the angels, who need no jet propulsion to move quickly through the air, and she asks God to appoint one of His ministering angels as a "benign companion" to this airship in flight.

These blessings of the church as found in the *Rituale* are of course, all in Latin, which has always been the official liturgical language for Catholics of the western world. Now Latin is ancient and unchanging in its vocabulary, and sometimes the Latinists are hard put to find a corresponding term for some invention of modern times. For instance, before translating the word "dynamo" into Latin, you have to work out a circumlocution something like this: "A machine designed to awaken electric light." There is a special blessing for that kind of a machine in the *Rituale*, and a blessing has also lately been authorized, I am told, for a "two-wheeled machine powered by

igniferous juice." In case you are puzzled, that would be a motorcycle, and the "igniferous juice" is nothing more than gasoline.

In the "blessing for all things" which can be applied to any object the church may have overlooked in her special prayers, the spirit and purpose of all these blessings is, we think, beautifully set forth:

*"O God, by whose Word all things are sanctified, pour out Thy blessing over this creature, and grant that whoever makes use of it according to Thy law and Thy will, may, by the invocation of Thy holy Name, receive health of body and protection of soul. Through Christ our Lord."*

The philosophy of life which humbly recognizes how much we stand in need of God's blessing is the same philosophy which believes that machines are made for men, and not men for machines; and that men in turn are made for God, and must use the resources of this world as stewards who must one day render to God an account of their stewardship.

In our own country, predominantly non-Catholic, the full scope and splendor of the blessings we have described cannot, we suppose, be carried out. But there are certain blessings which no Catholic should relinquish:

Ask the priest for his blessing when he comes to visit you in your home. Don't be ashamed to kneel down as he makes the sign of the cross over your head.

Seek out the special blessing of the priest for a member of the family who is sick. The church is so interested in the welfare of the sick that she has authorized several distinct blessings for their benefit.

If at all possible, have a priest bless your home, and also your automobile.

## Pre-Marriage Clinic

D. F. Miller

### Unwanted Marriage

*Problem:* I am in my middle twenties, have a good job, and am content to go on indefinitely as I am at present. But my mother is continually urging me to get married. She knows that a certain man who has dated me off and on for years wants to marry me, and she keeps trying to push me to accept him. I tell her that I don't want to get married, and above all, that I don't want to marry this particular man. Am I being stubborn and foolish, as she says, or should I continue to hold out against my mother's wishes?

*Solution:* Yes, hold out, because you certainly would not be happy in a marriage for which you have no liking, or for which you even have a sense of aversion. Many mothers (and this has been true since the beginning of time) labor under a kind of obsession that it is their job to get their daughters married off, and that they are failures as mothers if they do not succeed in this task. They forget that when their child has grown to maturity, no one, not even a mother, can determine a vocation for it, or force it to love somebody "because he would make a fine husband." These foolish mothers have been responsible for many unhappy lives and cheerless homes because they drove their daughters into marriage against their will or against their choice. We Americans often boast of the freedom of our young people in respect to marriage; but there are many subtle and perverse ways in which mothers still force their daughters into unions they would never have chosen of themselves.

As for yourself, it is probable that if the right man came along and you fell deeply in love, you would look forward to marriage with great joy. As long as that does not happen, make a vocation out of your present life. That means to use your job for doing whatever good you can to those around you; using your extra income for good and worthy causes; above all, using your spare time to take up some special work, such as teaching catechism to public school pupils, becoming an active member in the Legion of Mary, improving your mind by participation in study clubs, etc. Single life can be a vocation, but only if it be freely chosen and then used for higher than selfish purposes in life.

# Study in Black and White

Incident on a train, in democratic America, where Christianity is professed by millions, and all men are said to be created equal.

*E. F. Miller*

THE COLORED woman's name was Jackson—Mrs. Ella Jackson. Of course, it was not her real name. She got it from her husband. Before her marriage she didn't have any real name at all. Even her husband didn't have a name strictly his own. He picked up Jackson from the people for whom he worked. That's how it was if you had the misfortune of being colored.

Mrs. Jackson was taking a trip to Chicago from St. Louis. She was a large and heavy woman. When she first tried to mount the steps leading to the coach that she was to occupy, it looked as though she would not make it. The porter came to her rescue. He was colored also. The other people didn't seem to notice the trouble she was having. They were all busy with their own concerns—finding seats, saying farewell, wiping away tears, and so forth. If it had not been for the porter, she would never have succeeded in negotiating the steps. Especially in view of the fact that she had a small suitcase with her.

Finally she reached the platform of the car. She thanked the porter for his help. It was characteristic of her always to show appreciation for even the slightest favor done for her. Then she pushed her way down the narrow aisle that skirts the rest room at the end of the car until she came out into the place where the seats were.

To her dismay every seat seemed to be taken. She stood in the aisle and looked. Most of the people were white. Perhaps about ten colored men and

women. These latter were scattered all over the car. For a moment this frightened her. She knew what happened to colored people who did not know and keep their place. In some sections of the country, men (perhaps women too) sometimes took them out and strung them up on the nearest tree like slaughtered cows. Then these men (and perhaps women) went home or to church and said amongst themselves and to their ministers and priests: "We must not be too hasty in tearing down the barriers that stand between the white and black. We cannot settle the question all at once. Time is the great healer. The problem will solve itself if only people will give it time. It will work its own way out. Great advances have already been made. Just recently a colored man was given a job as fireman on a locomotive. It was the first instance of its kind in the history of the black race. We must be cautious in the way we handle this question. It is full of dynamite."

But all their talk would not help the colored people who had forgotten their place. They'd be hanging from the limb of a tree; and they'd be quite dead. Nor would there be any court or jury that might bring vengeance on the heads of those who killed them. Mrs. Jackson knew and kept her place. She did not want to die. A strange commentary on how precious life must be. But she feared for those others in the car who had presumed to take the seats that generally are reserved for white people. What would happen to

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them? She was about to call out, to warn them of their danger. Then she remembered.

Up here in the North there wasn't any Jim Crow. That gave her a feeling of relief. She could sit down any place, even next to a white man. Not a white man; a white woman. That wouldn't be pushing a privilege too far. She would sit down next to a white woman if there were no seats that she might occupy alone, or if there were no seat that she might share with a man or woman of her own race. At any rate she would be careful to watch her manners. That would not be difficult. Her manners were good on all occasions. They were nothing more than the expression of her charity. She had a fund of charity in her heart that still had not been tapped to depletion. She hated none. She loved all. And her actions proved it.

Again she cast her eye down the length of the aisle to see if there wasn't just one seat still unoccupied. Some of the white people were occupying the seat next to the window. But they had piled high the adjoining seat with all their luggage, as though to say: this section is mine. Keep away. They would have had to remove their luggage if someone insisted. After all they had paid for only one seat. But who would insist? Surely Mrs. Jackson had no intention of insisting. That would be like asking for an insult. And probably she wouldn't get the seat anyway. And then she noticed. In the middle of the car there was one last seat that was not only unoccupied but which also was unencumbered with hats and coats and other prohibitive impedimenta.

Half of the seat was taken. A white woman. But she looked kind and tolerant. About thirty-five years old. Dressed neatly. She was sitting next to the win-

dow, with one elbow resting on the sill and the hand supporting her chin. Her eyes were open; but she seemed to be dreaming, to be lost in reverie. An innocent soul, undoubtedly, sad at the thought of leaving home and husband; a gentle soul, most likely, who would find it painful to swat a mosquito.

Mrs. Jackson felt that there was no need of fear in sitting down next to such a one. She gathered her great bulk into as small a package as she could manage and gradually lowered it into the empty seat. It was impossible for her to lift her suitcase to the rack over her head. In the first place it would cause too much commotion; and in the second place she could not do it. She slid it under her knees. It was uncomfortable; but it would do. She settled down with a sigh.

How nice it was to be in her place and ready to go. There wouldn't be anybody to talk to. But she could pray. She had learned to pray long years before. One of the fortunate things about oppression is, it throws the oppressed back on God. And so they learn to pray. Mrs. Jackson knew how to pray better than many an expert who had studied the matter in seminary and college. She was about to draw her beads from her purse when the explosion took place.

The woman sitting next to her had come out of her dream to take notice of the person at her side. It was as though an adder had struck out blindly in attack. She let out a little cry. Then she jumped to her feet, pulling her skirts about her and pushing past Mrs. Jackson, bumping her, practically trampling on her, trying to get into the aisle and away from the "garbage" that had been dumped at her feet. All the time she kept saying loud enough so that all the people in the car could hear:

"Dirty, stinking niggers! Dirty, filthy niggers! No damn nigger will park herself in my lap."

It didn't seem possible that so pretty a head could contain such poisonous venom. She looked like a school-teacher or a librarian, a mother or a maiden aunt who could not do enough for nephews and nieces. But there could be no mistake as to what she actually was. Everybody in the car had heard her.

Standing in the aisle she pulled her coat and suitcases from the rack, careful lest they touch the object of her anger. All were watching her curiously, some approvingly, others with hostility. It has been noted that there were a dozen or more colored men and women in the car besides Mrs. Jackson. They too had feelings. They too were capable of the passion of anger. And if it were true (as is generally maintained by certain elements amongst the whites) that they were only half-civilized, this was a time when their barbarism might easily break forth into riot and bloodshed.

But they didn't look half civilized. In general they were well dressed. Their hair was combed. Their appearance was neat. Their manner was quiet. Their conversation was like that of any American. But they had been insulted by their betters. Every man, even a colored man, has a right to his dignity as a man. Very easily they might have arisen from their places and demanded an apology. But no man moved. It was their lot to be insulted. The slave. The man with the hoe. The beast of burden. The "nigger." Another blow would hardly make or break a race that had been beaten from the moment of its first transplanting in American soil. All sat quiet, watching and wondering what would happen next.

The woman's face was set in lines of

disgust, as though a leper filled with sores had attempted to contaminate her with an infectious kiss. She was still talking to herself about the "dirty niggers". At last she had all her things gathered together. In attempted stateliness and wounded womanhood she walked down the aisle and away from the scene of the crime.

Near the end of the car a small boy was occupying a seat all by himself. The man who was with the boy, undoubtedly his father, pulled the lad onto his lap, and offered the vacated seat to the offended woman. She sat down.

"I'm from Texas," she said. "In Texas we know how to handle niggers. They keep their place."

She snorted. Yes, actually she snorted, like a horse. It was the physical indication of her loathing. But to those who heard the sound, it seemed like the snorting of a horse.

"I understand how you feel," said the man with the child on his lap. "I'm from Oklahoma myself."

Meanwhile Mrs. Jackson sat in her seat, trying to become as small as she possibly could. Of course, she couldn't become very small, because she was so big to start with. She completely filled the seat in which she sat and overflowed its sides. There was no such thing as hiding from the eyes of those who insisted on inspecting her. She was the cause of the whole embarrassing situation. What could she do? Try to find a place in another car? Hardly. The same thing would happen in another car. Complain to the conductor? No, never. Colored people don't complain against white people. They have no right to complain. They should be glad that they are alive. Yet, it was all very strange.

It was all very strange, for Mrs. Jackson had heard many, many times

that her father was a white man. She had never seen him. But he was reputed a great gentleman, full of hospitality and gallantry. She herself was colored. But the truth of the matter was that she was just as white as she was black—beneath the skin. In fact (she allowed herself to speculate) she might be just as white as the woman who had caused all the commotion. Was it not possible that that woman's father or mother was black, and that by some mysterious law, she herself was completely white? Such things had often happened in the past. Could it not have happened with *her*? And if that were true, did she have any right to complain if a colored woman sat down next to her in a public car, in a country where all men are supposed to be equal, no matter what their color? If the woman were partly colored, she would only be looking down upon herself if she looked down upon another who seemed to be all black. Mrs. Jackson sighed. To her there seemed no answer to the question or solution to the problem. She would remain where she was, until they told

her that she would have to move. She would remain where she was and nurse the sadness that filled her heart.

The incident of the white woman was not the total cause of her sadness. She had been sad from the very moment she got on the train, in fact, for quite some time before. In one of the baggage cars at the front of the train there were a dozen or more oblong boxes. They contained the bodies of American service men who had been killed in the war and were now being brought home for reburial. They were to be reburied in a military cemetery in Chicago.

In one of the boxes was Mrs. Jackson's son. He was her only son. He, too, had been killed in action. They were bringing him home. In a little while now he would be buried. People would forget his sacrifice. They had already forgotten it. For example, the woman who refused to sit with her. But the main thing was—her son was dead. That was why she was sad. A couple of tears flowed down the furrows of her cheeks. They were the same kind of tears that flowed down faces that were white.

### Sound Effects

The *Magazine Digest* tells of how a group of children were recently polled on their favorite radio program, and asked to write out their choice on a piece of paper. The results were not so startling from the standpoint of the programs chosen, but rather from the fact that they indicated how children universally listen with the ear, and not necessarily with the mind. Following are some of the programs listed, as the little ones actually set them down:

The Long Ranger  
The All Rich Family  
Taket or leevet  
Truth or coneconsis  
Feber Mege an Moly  
Baby Snexck  
Man cold ex  
Distekturney  
Innter Sanktum  
Bustry Brown





## Three Minute Instruction

### On Loving Oneself

The obligation every human being has of loving himself is not often spoken of for two reasons. First, it is not only a law but also a powerful instinct, which does not require frequent injunctions. Second, far from neglecting the duty of love of self, most people are in danger of loving themselves immoderately or in an evil way, so that they must be reminded of the importance of loving God and their neighbor more often than of loving themselves. However, there is great value in pondering the meaning and extent of love of self.

1. The love of self means the supreme desire of fulfilling the glorious destiny that has been set for every man by God. It means placing first on the list of all one's hopes and ambitions the salvation of the soul, and only secondary to that the attainment of whatever good things may be enjoyed on earth. The love of self is manifest in a fear of hell, a desire of heaven, a hatred of sin above all evils, and in the determination to avoid all unnecessary occasions of sin. The heart of the duty of self-love is therefore the desire to preserve one's soul for the happiness of heaven.

2. The love of self need not be called a selfish love if it be remembered that desiring one's salvation is desiring the same thing for self that God desires for every rational soul He has created. It is through obedience to God that a man save his soul, and at the same time honors and glorifies God. Selfishness would mean desiring for self something that is contrary to the will and the plan of God. That is why sin is a very selfish thing. It wants and takes something that is contrary both to God's will and one's own ultimate good.

3. The love of self may also manifest itself in the desire of good things on earth, so long as these are not contrary to one's ultimate destiny. The love of self is the love of life, though not at the price of a denial of faith in God and the loss of the soul; the love of material goods, though not to the extent that one will neglect God or do evil to attain them; the love of pleasure, but never of pleasure that is forbidden by God.

The command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" means that, as a man must place his own salvation above every other interest and good in life, so too must he be willing to help his neighbor save his soul, sometimes at the expense of many of the lesser goods in life that he wants for himself.



# Experience in Browsing

Even seventy-five years ago there were "ad" men, who could use superlatives with abandon. And books whose title pages were masterpieces.

R. J. Spitzer

THE OTHER DAY I did something which is the privilege of every book-lover: I browsed in a library.

"Browse" is a term properly associated with the feeding process of animals; it means to crop, to nibble at. No doubt that is why the word became associated with the antics of a book-worm; he removes a book from a shelf, blows the dust from it if need be, tenderly opens its pages, scans its contents, oh's and ah's as he devours its little nibblets of knowledge, replaces it, and then repeats the process with other books ad infinitum, or at least to the limit of his leisure.

However, my browsing came to a sudden halt when I thumbed a certain history of the Civil War published in 1867. For one thing it contained several interesting bookmarks which consumed my time and attention. One was an invitation to a dance so many years ago that my grandparents would have gone to it as teenagers. The others, more interesting because they showed me how close we are to yesterday, were ads.

Ads! The same style, the same technique as our modern commercial, minus radio and TV.

"FOR PRESIDENT, The Man who Chews STAR PLUG."

"FOR VICE-PRESIDENT, The Man who Helps Him."

This non-committal, non-partisan plug (a thousand pardons for the pun) for a presidential candidate adorned a little pink throw-away filled with political information for 1884 and was dis-

tributed as free advertising by a renowned St. Louis Tobacco Company. Besides its political content, which consisted of a review of the "Popular and Electoral Vote for the Presidency, from the year 1824 until the year 1880," the little leaflet held advertising matter that needed only a radio program to make it popular and 1949-ish. Picture your favorite radio drama interrupted at its peak thrill by a mellow male voice or a crew of chorines chanting: "The sale of STAR PLUG exceeds that of any other brand because it is an honest 16 oz. pound and is the best plug tobacco made. Always uniform. Ask for STAR."

Even older was the other advertisement, and just as modern. Put this one on television. It has to do with a sewing machine, distributed by a Chicago concern. First flash its name on the screen: W-E-E-D. Then with a smiling young seamstress to demonstrate, read the script:

"Among the advantages claimed for the *Weed Sewing Machine*, please note the following.

It can make but *one* Stitch, and that the *Lock*—this it *never* fails to do.

The Needle is straight—therefore sure and powerful.

The Blade of the Needle is *SHORTER* than that of any other Shuttle Machine in use.

Its speed is superior to most—thus producing more effect with the same effort.

It is *not* Noiseless, but few are more so.

They not only run *quietly* but *easily*.

The Tension is the most simple and effective of any.

The feed is perfect.

Admirably arranged for examination, cleaning, oiling, &c.

With its Shuttle and straight SHORT needle—simple yet perfect feed and tension—speed and easy motion, it produces the best stitch, with the least trouble, in the shortest time, without destroying the life or elasticity of the thread or silk.

Special attention is called to the fact, that the arrangements of the WEED SEWING MACHINE are such, that a firm and elastic seam can be made with *light tension*, and retain the pliability of the silk or thread equally with hand sewing.

Prices correspond with those of other first class Machines.

Every Machine is warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Agents wanted. Extra inducements offered.

After that exceptionally long "word from our sponsor", when you sit back once again to enjoy your radio or television until the next rude interruption, you come to the conclusion that advertising yesterday as well as today is an unfurling of choice superlatives and a challenge to other products to stay off the market.

However, ads in the post-Civil War days were printed, not aired; and so on the opposite side of the description of the ideal sewing machine, you are invited to visit a Truss Establishment, where "you will find the cleanest, lightest, easiest, best, and only Truss that will never rust, break, limber, or become filthy."

If you are afraid to start a depression by your unemployment, you might be interested in the remainder of the advertisement: "WANTED — Clergymen, Teachers, discharged Officers and Soldiers, Soldiers' Widows and other in-

telligent energetic men and women to engage in the light, pleasant, highly respectable and profitable occupation of soliciting orders for all the most popular fast selling publications of the day, including new Standard, Historical, Religious and Medical Books, Choice Engravings, Maps, &c. Thousands are making from \$50 to \$200 per month, clear of all expenses. Let no one say, 'I have nothing to do,' But apply at once to . . ."

So much for these advertisements.

The book itself which put an abrupt end to my browsing impressed me not so much by its contents as by its title. In this matter, it seems to me, yesterday has the advantage.

Nowdays unless you are a faithful follower of book reviews, unless you read the come-on's of book clubs and publishers, you often cannot judge a book by its title. For the sake of illustration, let's call a book *Dead-End Street*, with apologies to the author if there be such a title. At once you are in a dilemma: What type of book is it? It could be (1) a historical account of some famous avenue in Boston or Chicago or your own home town; or (2) it could be a murder-thriller, whose title tells you where the bullet-riddled body was found, or where the spies or gangsters had their hide-out, or where the omniscient sleuth unveiled the dastardly deed; or (3) it could be a romance with a subtle hint in its very title of the rendezvous of the lovers; or (4) it might turn out to be a motion picture guide or a cookbook.

The book I discovered had none of the simple, narrative sub-titles of Horatio Alger, Jr. — "Driven From Home, or Carl Crawford's Experience." Its title page is a revealing table of contents. Before you turn a page, you are acquainted with everything to be found

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within its covers. Here is what confronted me.

THE PICTORIAL BOOK OF  
ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS  
of the  
WAR OF THE REBELLION,  
Civil, Military, Naval and Domestic;  
EMBRACING THE MOST BRILLIANT &  
REMARKABLE ANECDOTICAL EVENTS  
of the

GREAT CONFLICT IN  
THE UNITED STATES:

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Experiences, &c.

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Author of the "Cyclopedia of Commercial  
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1867

Maybe that is a mite too much for  
one page after all. Maybe it is better to  
be modern, and not know what you are  
reading until after you have consumed  
it. Today is not quite yesterday.

### First Limericks

From the attractive little *Junior Digest*, published in Dublin, comes the following account of the origin of the verse form known as the "limerick."

It seems that at the end of the seventeenth century this particular verse form was very popular in France. It was at this time that a good many Irish soldiers of fortune were making their way to France, seeking to escape the harsh conditions imposed upon their native land by the Treaty of Limerick in 1691. These Irish "Wild Geese" took to the fashionable rhyme, and began to use it for their own little ditties, and it was they indeed who gave it world-wide renown. One of the very earliest of these "limericks" is surely one of the best:

There was a young lad named MacSweeney  
Who in Paris drank too much Martini.  
The Paris police  
Cabled his niece:  
"Nous regrettons que Sweeney est fini."

### Chinese Proverbs

Nobody's family can hang out the sign: "Nothing the matter here."  
Who stands still in mud, sticks in it.  
The pleasure of doing good is the only one that will not wear out.  
Where men are friendly, even water is sweet.  
If you repress a mounting anger, you will avoid 100 days' sorrow.

—Far East.



## Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

### On the Value of Obedience

One of the remarkable things about God's dealings with mankind throughout history is the great importance He has always attached to obedience, usually obedience to a human being vested with something of His own divine authority. This is summed up in the Scriptural phrase that is often quoted, but which remains a cardinal principle of the whole spiritual life of a soul: "Obedience is better than sacrifice."

This is a good axiom for the shut-in to ponder. He has much of sacrifice and suffering to offer to God, but he should not forget that obedience is an even greater offering, one without which his other sufferings would be without any merit.

He has ample opportunity for the practice of obedience. If he is under the care of a physician, the commands and even the advice of the physician should be accepted as the manifest will of God. Such obedience should be accepted, not merely as a possible means of recovery, but a matter of spiritual submission and service to God as well. In some religious orders the rule is specifically laid down that when a member is sick, the doctor becomes his superior, and by obeying the doctor he is said to be fulfilling all the requirements of his rule. The lay shut-in may look upon obedience to a doctor in the same way.

If regular doctor's care is not needed by a shut-in, and he is being cared for by a nurse or by a member of his family, then his obedience should be given to the one who is serving him in all measures that pertain to health, comfort, well-being and recovery. Again the obedience should be spiritualized and given humbly, cheerfully and promptly, just as if the orders were being given by God.

Above all, he should practice obedience to his confessor or spiritual adviser. When a confessor tells a sick person what prayers to say, or not to say, this should be heeded as a directive from God. When the confessor gives a solution to a certain mental or conscience problem, that solution should be clung to and depended upon no matter what doubts may remain in the mind. When the confessor commands that certain doubts or worries about the past be forgotten, no consideration should be permitted to keep them awake in the mind.

Obedience is better than sacrifice: but obedience and sacrifice are a shortcut to holiness.

## Warrior for Peace

A patron of patriotism, this man might be called, who fought many successful battles, but none greater than the one by which he conquered himself.

*H. J. O'Connell*

EVERY LAND has its heroes; but not many nations can boast of so unusual and romantic a figure as Nuno Alvarez Periera, "the Holy Constable" of Portugal. In the story of his life are mingled deeds of impetuous courage, the clang of sword on knightly armor, plots and intrigues by which thrones were gained and lost, the worship of a people for its Liberator, and, at its close, the quiet of a monastery cell, where he still wore steel armor beneath his monk's garb.

Born in 1360, during the turbulent time when the infant nation of Portugal was fighting for its existence against the mighty power of Spain, Nuno grew up in an atmosphere of arms and warfare. While he was yet a boy, his father, the valiant Master of the Knights of St. John, taught him to ride and joust, to thrust and parry with the sword. Like every young lad, Nuno loved the glamorous trappings of chivalry, the talk of strategy and battles. Scarcely had he learned to read, than his favorite book became the story of King Arthur and the Round Table. The ideals of bravery and purity took strong hold on his youthful mind, and he used often to say, to the amused delight of his father: "I want to be Sir Galahad." Courage, chastity, and the love of Our Lady marked his boyhood, and became the characteristic virtues of his whole adventurous life.

Knighted at thirteen by the Queen's own hand, and married at seventeen in obedience to his father, Nuno was only twenty when he began the long struggle

for Portuguese independence. War had broken out again between his country and Castile, and, at the King's command, he rode at the head of his men to the relief of Portalegre. The city's defences were disorganized, and the people in panic at the approach of the enemy; but with the authority both of personal bravery and high birth the young knight soon brought things into order. Assembling a force, he went out to meet the Castilians before they reached the city, and put them to flight. It was the first of the many notable victories he was to win for his country's freedom.

Not long after this, he was ordered to Lisbon, to which another Spanish army was laying siege. Here occurred one of the incidents that made his name ring through Portugal. The Spaniards had been despoiling the orchards and vineyards around the town in order to supply their troops, most of whom were on ships, anchored in the harbor. Nun' Alvarez and a few bold companions, fifty-four in all, went out one night to teach them a lesson. Waiting in ambush, they broke out upon the surprised raiders, and sent them scurrying off in confusion. But in the meantime, two hundred Castilian soldiers had disembarked and cut off the Portuguese from the city. In spite of the odds, Nuno, shouting a battle-cry, rode to the attack. However, his companions, dismayed by the size of the force before them, failed to follow. Looking back, the knight saw that he was alone. But still he rode on,

one against two hundred! Like a thunderbolt, he crashed into the infantrymen, who, amazed at the boldness of the single horseman, and hampered by the danger of injuring their own companions, were unable to take advantage of their numbers. In spite of this, the unequal struggle could not have lasted long. Nuno's horse was downed, and he was on the verge of being captured or killed, when his companions, shamed by his bravery, came rushing to the rescue. Help poured out, too, from the city, and the Castilians were driven back to their ships. As a result of this, and of like adventures, a legend of invincibility grew up around Nuno's name.

Politics are notoriously corrupt, and, in this regard, the Portugal of that day was no exception. After King Ferdinand had died in 1383, his wife, the beautiful but unscrupulous Leonora, became regent. For a long time, she had been carrying on an intrigue with Andeiro, a rather unsavory French soldier of fortune. Between the two of them, Portugal was brought to the brink of ruin. There was fear, likewise, that the regent would betray the country into the hands of the Castilians. Hence, a party of nobles rose up in rebellion, assassinated Andeiro, and proclaimed Don John, brother of the former king, as regent. Nun' Alvarez did not take part in the coup; but, convinced that the good of the country demanded it, he declared his adherence to the new ruler, and galloped to Lisbon to take up the sword in his defence. He was at once made commander-in-chief of the Portuguese army, and sent to meet the Castilians, who had poured into the country when news of the revolution got to Spain.

Under his white banner with the red cross, bearing in its four fields the figures of the Crucified, Our Lady, St. George, and St. James, he led his men

against the enemy. Although outnumbered four to one, through the courage and brilliant tactics of their leader, the Portuguese won a great victory at Atoleiros, April 6, 1384, and again at Aljubarrota, August 14, 1385. As a reward, Nun' Alvarez was made Count of Ourem and Barcellos, and given huge estates, so that he became the greatest lord in Portugal, after the King.

Having determined to carry the war to the enemy, he led a small, but valiant army into Spain, and won another victory in October, 1385, at Valverde. This defeat, added to the news that strong reinforcements of English soldiers had arrived to help the Portuguese, convinced the Spaniards that all hope of success was gone. They sent legates, and a truce was arranged in 1387. The battle of Portuguese independence was won, although the final peace treaty was not signed until 1411.

Great as were his military accomplishments, they do not fully explain the place that Nuno Alvarez Pereira occupies in the hearts of the people of Portugal. For he was not only a hero, but a saint. As a young man, he had given an example of stainless purity in a corrupt and wicked court. He had even resolved not to marry, until he yielded to the command of his father, and took the high-born Lady Eleanora de Alvim as his wife. At her death, although he was but twenty-seven, he vowed not to re-marry, and this time he did not give in even to the entreaties of the Queen, who, as women will, set herself to make a match for him. Even to the rough, hard soldiers about him, he fearlessly preached the necessity of chastity, declaring more than once: "The soldier is a better fighter, the more he holds his passions in check. He who has no esteem for the angelic virtue enters the combat with half the



victory already yielded to the enemy."

So little importance did he attach to the wealth and power that had been given to him, that he divided his vast lands and estates with the companions who had fought side by side with him in battle. Another instance of his charity occurred one day when he was on a march with his army. As the long columns passed, a poor blind man was standing by the roadside, begging the Portuguese to take him with them, lest he fall into the hands of the enemy. No one paid any attention to him; but when the general came along, and heard his pleading, he rode over, had the man mount behind him, and carried him in this way twelve miles to the next town.

His spirit of prayer, even amid the distraction of war and battles, was outstanding. In the dead of night, while the rest of the army slept, more than once the general rose to pray. It is related, too, that at a critical moment in the decisive battle of Valverde, Nuno disappeared for a time from the midst of his troops. Fearing that he had been killed, the officers began to seek for him. At last they found him, kneeling between two great blocks of stone, absorbed in prayer. To their statement that he had better come and lead his men, for disaster threatened, he answered calmly: "It is not yet time," and went on praying. Then, suddenly he arose, mounted, and, crying loudly for his soldiers to follow, led the charge that put the Spaniards to flight.

But the special marks of his holiness were his devotion to the Mother of God and to the Eucharist. As a boy, he had said to his mother: "My fair Lady shall be the Blessed Virgin, the most beautiful of all." Her image was on the great banner that went before him into battle; he wore her scapular, and recited the rosary in her honor.

It was his custom, too, as a tribute to Our Lady, to fast on Saturdays and on the vigils of her feasts, even on days of combat. During his lifetime, he used his great wealth to build six churches dedicated to the Mother of God, including the massive shrine of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which took over thirty years to erect, and which was at the time one of the largest and finest churches in the world. After his victories, whenever it was possible, he made a pilgrimage to a nearby shrine of the Blessed Virgin, in humble acknowledgment that it was to her he owed the success of his efforts.

As always happens, hand in hand with devotion to Mary, went the love of her Divine Son in the Eucharist. The ancient documents record his statement: "Whoever wishes to see me conquered in battle should first estrange me from this Sacred Banquet, in which God Himself, the Food of the Strong, invigorates mankind. By this nourishment, I am endowed with strength and courage to overcome my enemies." He saw to it that the Feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated with the greatest possible solemnity, even in the midst of war. Moreover, whenever he remained for any length of time in a town, he had himself inscribed in the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, or, if it was not established there, he started it himself.

All these incidents give us the picture of a sincerely devout and virtuous man; but it was at the close of his life that the splendor of heroic sanctity began to shine out so plainly that none could fail to see it. This man, who had been the leading figure in Portugal for over forty years, who was lord of lands so vast that they entitled him to almost kingly honor, whose steps crowds followed whenever he appeared on the streets, decided to despoil himself of

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all his wealth and honors, and at the age of sixty-three put on the humble habit of a Carmelite lay-brother. Indeed, he was not even a full-fledged brother, but a "donato," who took only simple vows, and was the last in dignity in the whole community.

For eight years, he performed the most laborious and humblest tasks in the service of his brethren and the poor, while his leisure hours were spent in prayer and penance. The same indomitable courage that had made him invincible in battle, now carried him with swift strides along the way to holiness. But still, beneath his lowly exterior, the old warlike spirit slumbered. One day, the ambassador of Castile came to visit the retired soldier. "You will never take off this habit, then?" he asked. Nuno suspected that the question was put to discover if the military genius and renown of the Grand Knight were definitely out of the way, if the Castilians decided to invade Portugal again. He stood up, and with flashing eyes, thrust aside his tunic, revealing to the startled diplomat a complete suit of armor. "Yes," he said, "I will put aside this habit, if the King of Castile should again wage war on Portugal." The threat was enough to convince the Spaniards that they would meet the same resolute resistance as before, and the invasion never took place.

At last, this long and romantic life, marked by so many notable victories, including the victory over self, came to

its close. On November 1, 1431, surrounded by his brothers in religion, and by the King, who had hastened to his bedside, while the church bells throughout the land tolled the sad news to weeping crowds, the Holy Constable lay dying. His last request was that someone read to him from the Passion of Our Lord. The solemn passages, telling the story of God's love for men, echoed through the silent room. When the reader came to the words, "Son, behold thy Mother!", Nun' Alvarez breathed forth his soul. Our Lady, whom he had always loved and honored, had come for him.

Almost five hundred years later, on January 23, 1918, Nuno Alvarez Periera was declared Blessed. It was just three months after Our Lady had appeared at Fatima, the little Portuguese town which is in the lands that were once the property of the Holy Constable. At the time, the First World War was still raging, and the Pope, Benedict XV, took occasion to remark: "It was evidently the provident and wise counsel of God to reserve this cause until now, in order that a perfect example of Christian patriotism might shine in the darkness."

The message of Nuno's life is the same message as that of Fatima: that only through devotion to Our Lady and personal holiness of life can true peace come to the souls of individual men, and to the nations of mankind.

## Life Story

Biography of a four-time widow:

She married a millionaire, then an actor, then a preacher, then an undertaker.

One for the money.

Two for the show.

Three to get ready.

And four to go.

—Sheboygan Times.

# Hospital Case

There are those who love dogs and those who don't. Henry was a member of the second group.

*L. G. Miller*

BY A strange combination of circumstances, Henry Hatfield, who had so often professed himself as a man who had no use for dogs, cats, or other household pets, found himself on a particular Monday morning driving in his car down the street with a large and affectionate collie in the back seat breathing down his neck and occasionally, between noisy pants, slurping that same neck with a wet and effusive tongue.

"I realize that animals are necessary," Henry had often said to his friends. "I'm not narrow-minded. Where would we be without cows and sheep to furnish us food and clothes? I will grant that dogs are necessary for farmers and useful for hunters and I will even, much as it goes against the grain, make allowance for the existence of cats, as long as the nasty creatures stick to their business of catching mice."

Here Henry would pause to catch his breath and, as it were, gather up a head of steam.

"As long as they are kept in their proper place, I'll get along fine with them. But confound it, when they are brought into the house and petted and pampered and mothered, when they eat from the same table as the family and get their hair all over a person's clothes and drag a greasy old bone over the living room carpet, then, I say, it's time to draw the line."

If anyone said to him: "But don't you realize that a dog is a man's best friend!"

"Bah!" Henry would reply. "Man's

best friend to be sure! They're not *my* best friends I'll tell you that!"

From which it may be gathered that Henry Hatfield was not by any stretch of the imagination a dog-lover. This is what made it so passing strange that he should be carrying a dog with him in his car on this bright Monday morning.

To do justice to Mr. Hatfield only moral pressure of the most profound variety could have brought such a thing to pass. He and his wife had been spending a few days with his wife's mother, an admirable lady with a very strong mind. It was to her that the dog belonged, and she was greatly attached to it. The dog itself was of the female persuasion, extremely overweight and stupidly affectionate, and it went by the name of Chee-chee. This was bad enough in itself, but all day Henry had to suffer the agony of seeing the animal fussed over and addressed by such endearing terms as "snookums" and "tootsie-wootsie". He had kept a wary eye upon the beast, and only the imperative need of preserving peace had prevented him from administering a sharp kick to its short ribs when it came snuffling around his shoes.

After all this, it came as a shock when his mother-in-law had asked him bright and early Monday morning if he would be so kind as to take Chee-chee to the veterinarian.

"Just take her to the hospital and turn her over to the doctor," she said. "They will keep her there all day, and you can pick her up in the evening."

"What's the matter with her?" said Henry, looking at the dog hopefully. "Is she sick?"

"Oh no. This is just her regular semi-annual check-up."

"Do you mean to say that you want her to go to a dog-doctor even though she isn't sick?"

"Certainly."

"And you expect me to take her?"

"I certainly do."

"You must be out of your mind."

Henry looked at his mother-in-law and his mother-in-law looked at him.

"I guess I'm out of my mind," said Henry.

Fifteen minutes later, having located the pet hospital and parked his car, he was dragging a reluctant Chee-chee on a leash along the walk and up to the front door. There was a large sign outside:

*F. Horace Sealyham, D.V.M.  
Friendly Care for Man's Best Friend*

It was apparent that Doctor Sealyham was prospering in his chosen profession; his establishment was two stories high and extended over half a block; the hospital was finished in gleaming white stucco with a red gabled roof and beautifully landscaped grounds. A little sign invited the caller to "walk in", and Henry did so, not without some difficulty, occasioned by the fact that Chee-chee was strongly opposed to the idea, and had to be dragged along sliding on her haunches, emitting a series of outraged yelps as Henry yanked manfully on the leash.

Inside he found a spotless terrazzo floor, a few ferns tastefully arranged in the corners, and several pictures of dogs on the walls. Behind a species of counter on which was a placard "Information" sat a young lady busily chewing gum and engrossed in a copy of *True Romances*.

"Yes sir?" said the young lady, reluctantly lifting her eyes from the printed page.

"I've got a dog here that I want to turn in for an overhauling," said Henry.

"I want you to give her the business."

"Has she a previous medical history?" the young lady asked.

"How's that?"

"Has your dog been a patient here before?"

"Heaven forbid that she should be my dog," said Henry. "As to whether she has been here before, if I know my mother-in-law, she has."

"What's the dog's name?"

"Chee-chee," said Henry wincing. That name always got him.

The girl turned to a file cabinet, opened a drawer, ruffled through it and emerged with a card.

"Ah yes, here we are. Chee-chee Johnson. Home address: 411 Chestnut. Aged eight years. Female collie. If you want a check-up for her, you'll have to leave her here for a day."

"Yes, I understand that and am overjoyed at the thought."

"Do you want us to give her a bath?"

"By all means. See if you can make her smell better even if you have to scrub the hide off her."

"We don't scrub the hide off our dogs," said the girl severely, as she pressed a buzzer on her desk. Henry noted a sign over the desk which read:

*Visiting Hours*

*2-4;7-9*

*Cheer up your sick pet with  
a friendly call*

He was gazing upon this legend with fascination when the inside door opened and a young man emerged, dressed in immaculate white. The girl behind the counter, who had resumed reading her magazine, handed him Chee-chee's medical history card with her own annota-

tions without taking her eyes from the page.

"Good morning, sir," said the man in white.

"Good morning," said Henry. "Are you the doctor?"

"Oh no, sir," said the young man, smiling as if at a compliment. "Dr. Sealyham has just gone out with the ambulance on an emergency. I'm just an interne, doing special research in distemper."

"You don't say."

The interne glanced over the card in his hand.

"And how is our dear Chee-chee? I remember her well. Six months ago she had quite a case of worms, but we took care of those nasty old worms, didn't we, Chee-chee, old girl?"

Henry swallowed hard and became aware of a feeling in the pit of his stomach almost akin to seasickness.

"Suppose you take the dog off my hands and I'll be on my way," he said. The interne smiled and took him firmly by the arm.

"Now, now," he chided. "We always like to show the dog's guardians the wonderful facilities we have for their little pets. Just step this way."

Henry found himself being propelled down a long corridor. He noticed a sign "X-Ray Department" over one door, and over another "Surgery." As they passed this latter room the door opened and a man came out, dressed, as was Mr. Hatfield's guide, in shining white.

"How is the patient doing, Mr. Bowser?" asked Henry's guide.

"Fine, fine. It was touch and go for a while, but he'll pull through. We had to administer a general anaesthetic, you know."

"Is that so! Wasn't there a heart condition?"

"Yes, but we had to take that chance. Doctor Litter found the growth to be quite deep-seated when he made his incision. The patient lost a lot of blood, so there wasn't any choice."

"Are the master and mistress here?"

"Yes, and we had quite a time with them. Mrs. Archibald in particular was distracted with grief. But the patient is resting easily now and the worst is over."

"Fine, fine. Another triumph for Doctor Litter. The patient will have a special nurse, I suppose."

"Oh, of course. And no visitors for a day or two. Don't forget to hang up the 'No Visitors' sign on the door."

Mr. Hatfield had listened to this dialogue with growing amazement.

"Just a minute, my friend," he said at this point. "Is this a dog that you're talking about?"

"Certainly. Dr. Litter has just performed a most delicate operation on Mrs. Archibald's champion pekinese, Itsy Bitsy Boo III."

"And is that a sample of what you plan to do for this dog I've got?"

"Well, we trust there will be no need of surgery. But we will give her a thorough examination, of that you can be sure. We'll take her temperature and pulse; check her blood pressure; our laboratory technician will want a specimen of her blood for clinical analysis. When the doctors have finished with her, she will be given a nice bath and will be combed and carried. Then we'll send her off to the beauty shop at the end of the hall for the final touches. Now I think in the case of Chee-chee a permanent wave would look nice—"

But at this point Henry could take no more. Chee-chee stood between him and the outside door; with a sidewise swipe of his foot, he pushed her to one side, and made a bee-line for the outer

## The Liguorian

air. There, as he stood for a moment to catch his breath, he noticed a small dog who was engaged at the moment in carefully investigating the corner fire-hydrant. Moved by an uncontrollable impulse, Henry stooped down and picked up a small stone. Taking care-

ful aim, he let fly with the missile, and was rewarded at the sight of the small dog leaping into the air, emitting a shrill yelp, and galloping away down the street.

Feeling somewhat better, Henry got into his car and drove home.

### *There's Work to be Done*

Quoted in Father Keller's *You Can Change the World* are some remarkable statistics on current delinquency in our country. The picture is far from being a pleasant one:

Six million persons in the United States have criminal records, or one out of twenty-three people. This is by far the highest rate of crime in our history.

There are three times as many criminals in our penal institutions as there are students in our colleges and universities.

Two million young men and women are infected annually with venereal disease.

During the war one million babies were born out of wedlock, including 60,000 to girls under 14.

Last year a murder was committed on the average of every 40 minutes; a major crime every 22 seconds. There were 60 suicides a day.

Eleven out of twelve young people attend no church.

### *Unperturbed*

When a thief robbed Matthew Henry, the celebrated scholar, the episode did not in the least disturb the placid outlook of the great man, and he found comfort in philosophical reflection, as witness the following note in his diary:

Let me be thankful:

1. Because I was never robbed before.
2. Because, although he took my purse, he did not take my life.
3. Because, although he took all I possessed, it was not much.
4. Because it was I who was robbed, not I who robbed.

*Wall Street Journal*

### *Reasons*

Someone has suggested that the reasons why women buy things can be summed up under the following heads:

1. Because her husband says she can't have one.
2. It will make her look thin.
3. It comes from Paris.
4. Her neighbors can't afford it.
5. Nobody has one.
6. Everybody has one.
7. It's different.
8. Because.

*Sterling Sparks*



# What's Your Number?

The latest in character analysis, complete with examples of how it works. Anybody who can count up to 100 can use this system.

*L. F. Hyland*

YOU have probably wondered frequently how the great ones of Hollywood spend their time when they are not on the movie sets having their pictures taken, and not at the nightclubs having their pictures taken, and not in court having their pictures taken. Well, one of the movie gossipists recently let the cat out of the bag. They spend much of their spare time boning up on numerology.

Numerology is the science of figuring out people's characters from the letters in their names, which are said to represent certain numbers. As children make strange figures out of blocks, and make patterns in mud, and draw funny designs on sidewalks with chalk, so some grown people do strange things with letters and numbers. As a measure of the mental age at which many Hollywood big-wigs should be pegged, numerology will do wonderfully. In which of the stages of childhood (or infancy) would you put a person who describes Joan Fontaine as follows from the letters in her name? The words are direct quotes from a famous (?) director, as given in the daily papers recently (and seriously) by a famous movie columnist:

"In Joan's inner personality, as indicated by the vowels (in her name) she has two 'ones', the strongest mark, since there are two 'a's' in her name, giving her a quality of leadership and the strength to overcome her inner timidities. She has two 'sixes,' for the two 'o's', which show her to be down to earth, ready to help others and financially successful. One 'nine' for the

'i' indicates a creative stir, combined with a dreaming and inspirational quality. But the single 'five' for the 'e' balances it off, since it stands for movement and keeps her from being lazy. The total, arrived at by adding all the numbers, in this case, 28, and then combining the two digits, or 10 and then dropping the zero, gives us the numerological total of one. One shows her to be an extrovert with no qualms about herself or her relation to the world."

The same "famous" director describes Joan Crawford's personality by the numerological process in this way: "Her outward personality epitomizes what's expected of a glamor girl in that she cultivates all the social graces. She has the 'common touch' as indicated by the one 'four' for the 'd' in her surname . . . She has two 'fives', the 'n' in her first name and the 'w' in her last, which tend to make her jump from one project to another, to the neglect of the first in over-ambition." All this is not to mention the fact that Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille LeSuer, and that she originated in Kansas City, where her former schoolmates probably have their own version of her character.

But there is no reason why this fascinating science of numerology should be confined to the great thinkers of Hollywood. For that matter, there is no reason why it should be confined anywhere, except perhaps in an asylum where paper and pencil are provided free for those whose fixations are

soothed by exercises with numbers. But as long as it hasn't been confined, we might just as well let the common people in on some of its secrets. Here goes:

"So your name is John Smith. H'm. The 'o' in your first name, representing 42, and the 'i' in your last name, representing 17, add up to 59. If you subtract the 5 from the 9, you have 4 left, and that means that you have four children, one of whom wears glasses, as is indicated by the dot over the 'i'. Now, if you multiply the 4 letters of your first name by the 5 letters of your last name, you arrive at the figure 20. If you take off the zero, this leaves '2', which means that the 2nd, 12th and 22nd day of every month will be especially lucky days for you. And the fact that there is an 'h' in your first name and an 'h' in your last name (a most unusual combination), means that you are physically strong because 'h' is the 8th letter of the alphabet, but inclined to give in too easily to others. Therefore, stay away from taverns and nightclubs."

But suppose your name is not John Smith, but Art Zilch. Now you note that there is an 'a' in your first name,

which stands for 14, and an 'i' in your second name which, in this case, preceded as it is by a 'z', means 99. If you subtract 9 from 9 you have nothing left, but that doesn't mean there's nothing left of you. On the contrary, you must subtract the one from the four in your first name, and that leaves 3. This is a mystic number representing all sorts of things, including a special tendency to carbuncles. However, the 'ch' at the end of your last name, offsetting as it does the 'rt' at the end of your first name and adding up to 44, means that you will come into a fortune when you are 44 years old, providing the carbuncles don't kill you before that time."

They say there is no place on earth like California for bizarre and fantastic theories to crop up and to receive a hearing. And no place like Hollywood in California to give the hearing. We can well believe it. You see, the double 'l' in Hollywood, combined with the double 'o', constitute the number 77. Divide this by a capital "H" and all you've got left is bats in your belfry or pink elephants on toast.

### Sure Cures

Prescriptions from an eighteenth century medical book:

*For the stone:* take the blood of a fox and make it into powder, and without doubt it shall destroy the stone; and if you will not believe this, take a stone and put it into the blood of a fox and it will break.

*For corns:* Take a black snail, roast it on a white cloth, and when roasted lay it hot to the corn, and it will take it away.

*For toothache:* If a needle is run through a wood-louse, and you immediately touch the aching tooth with that needle, the toothache will stop.

### Splash!

A schoolboy present at the christening of the British warship, *H.M.S. Bulwark*, wrote an enthusiastic theme about it in which he said:

"The Countess broke a bottle of champagne against the bow, and then, to the delight of the crowd, she slid slowly and majestically down the greasy slipway into the sea."

—Belfast News Letter

## Christ Being Tempted

The devil's three attempts to make Christ declare Himself, or to take sides with him.

R. J. Miller

If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

SUCH WAS the devil's opening temptation of Our Lord in the desert. And at first sight it might seem that (in the forceful if inelegant modern phrase) the devil "had something there." This temptation seems to be a call for proof, an appeal to reason, something in the realm of argument and logic rather worthy of what we are accustomed to think of as the brilliant intellectual powers of the fallen angels.

If Our Lord had chosen to meet Satan on such grounds, He could have defeated him with the greatest ease. Christ had the most brilliant intellect that God ever gave a man, and He was God Himself. Later on in His public life, arguing with the Jews, He was to show Himself the unanswerable opponent on every occasion when they tried to "ensnare Him in His words." The Jewish leaders of His time had made a specialty of this kind of thing, and had perfected it to a degree unknown in our own material age; and yet in discussion with Our Lord even these keen-minded experts were finally reduced by Him to the point where "no man was able to answer Him a word; neither durst any man from that day forth ask Him any more questions."

Moreover, if we stop to consider Satan's temptation carefully, is it really so ingenious after all? How would a mere trick such as turning a stone into a loaf of bread prove that Our Lord was the almighty and infinite Son of God? And if God had sent Him into

the desert to fast, as He had, how would Our Lord prove He was God's Son by breaking His fast at the devil's urging, even by a miracle, before the time of His fasting was over?

No; by any standard of straight thinking or plain common sense this first temptation was nothing but malicious nonsense. It was no appeal to reason, no looking for proofs of the truth of the matter; the devil was not exercising whatever depths of intellectual power he possessed, but simply giving play to his malignant urge to deceive, mislead, tear down, destroy. For whatever the original brilliance of the devil's intellect, his technique in temptation is never a matter of solid reasoning and common sense. The old demon Screwtape in C. S. Lewis's fanciful but penetrating book *The Screwtape Letters*, writing instructions from an office in hell to his nephew, a novice devil assigned to tempt a man on earth, reproves the young demon harshly for seeming to entertain some such notion. Put out of your mind, he says in effect, any immature idea that your task is to get the man to use his reason. "Jargon, not argument" is to be your best weapon to ensnare him, half truths, catch phrases, glamour, feeling, never sober reasoning or common sense.

And if one pauses further to consider the actual setting of the temptation, it will be seen that Satan's very wording of it implied rather a deliberate, mocking sneer than any idea of putting a reasonable question to Our Lord.

Picture that setting. Our Lord has

fasted forty days and forty nights. Even His magnificent physique, the most perfect human frame that God ever made, must have clearly shown the effects of this ordeal. Weak and emaciated, His cheeks sunken, His eyes deep set in their sockets, His body nothing but a skeleton, He presented an appearance closer to death than to life. No casual observer would have thought for a moment that He was the Son of God. And surely no vain and proud demon, fond of pomp and circumstance, glory and glamour, would have been likely to take the idea seriously. "If Thou be the Son of God," then, coming from Satan in such a setting, must have had a derisive undertone of contempt. "If you—you poor trembling crawling shadow of a man—if You are the Son of God, stand up and work a magic trick for Satan to prove it!"

But what about the devil's intellectual powers? Would he not realize that such ill-disguised contempt might defeat his purpose? Was it reasonable in him to mix his temptation with such an insult?

But again we must not look for the "reasonable" in the devil. He is the Evil One, the malignant trouble maker, in whom the urge to harm, to insult, to mock, is supreme over everything else, even his intellectual endowments, whatever they may be. He loves nothing so much as to make fools of his victims before, during, and after their temptations. Compassion for human misery is a sentiment completely unknown to his malignant heart. In the face of human suffering, however pitiable, where the ordinary human reaction would be one of sympathy and compassion, he feels nothing but contemptuous satisfaction and derision.

Besides, Our Lord was starving. The temptation was an appeal to the hunger of a poor, starving, human being, not

an appeal to the reason of a philosopher. "Save Yourself, if You can!" was its true burden: "save Yourself, even if You have to disobey whatever orders You have from on high!" A little mockery mixed with such an offer would not make a great deal of difference, surely not to the enemy of the human race trying to get a human being to commit a sin against God.

If this was the case, however, one might be inclined to wonder how the devil, with such a gloating hatred and contempt for all human suffering, could ever have got the idea to adopt this particular approach to Our Lord in the first place. His use of the term, "Son of God," even granting that he did so in a spirit of incredulous derision, is the very first instance of anyone's addressing Christ with that precise title in the entire Gospel story. How could the vain and pompous demon, of all persons, have been the first to use it?

The explanation may be that he knew of the voice from heaven at Our Lord's Baptism, just before the forty days' fast: "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased." Knowing that, even though not understanding exactly what it meant—whether Our Lord was the true and consubstantial Son of God or just a human being very dear to God—he had an opening for his first temptation:

If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

But enough of Satan's side of the first temptation. What now of Our Lord's side? How did He meet it?

He met it in a completely unexpected way, certainly unexpected to Satan, and no less surprising to any ordinary human being who stops to realize that this is the story of an encounter between the devil and Christ, the Son of

the living God.

Master of the unexpected answer as He always was, Our divine Lord with startling and unmistakable clarity chose to meet Satan's attack on this occasion not with power but in humility; not as God but as man.

He had the power (as has been said) to engage in argument with Satan, to take the temptation apart and expose it for the malicious nonsense it was. He was also able to reply, "I am He" (as He did to the Jews who came to arrest Him in the Garden of Olives) and have the devil fall (as did the Jews in the Garden) paralyzed and helpless before Him. He could also have said: "I was led by the Spirit of God into the desert, and am under His special protection." Any of these answers would have been an exercise of power, an answer made rather as God than as man.

Instead, He said:

It is written: Not in bread alone does man live, but in every word that comes from the mouth of God.

"It is written:" He merely quotes the Scriptures; He justified His fasting not on personal grounds but by an appeal to a rule or law laid down by God for all men, with special reference to the Jews in the desert on their way to the promised land. They too had been starving in the desert; and in their extremity God came to their rescue by sending them manna from heaven "to show" (and this is the precise passage Our Lord quoted from the Book of Deuteronomy):

To show that not in bread alone does man live, but in every word that comes from the mouth of God.

No effort to make a show of personal power or prerogative: no self-assertion, no vanity; but at the same time absolutely not the slightest yielding to

Satan; no disobedience to God, no giving in to hunger or gluttony; and the demon was left without the least satisfaction on any single point of his attack.

So the devil went on to his second temptation.

Then the devil took Him up into the holy city, and set Him upon the pinnacle of the temple, and said to Him: If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down; for it is written: He has given His angels charge over Thee, and on their hands they shall carry Thee, so that Thou wilt not dash Thy foot against a stone.

Jesus said to him: It is written again: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God.

"It is written," said the tempter, using Our Lord's own words, not without a kind of sneer at His humility. "If You are going to let Yourself be guided by this 'it is written' business, here is one for You!"

But the sneers of Satan had as little effect on Our Lord as his other malicious devices; He replied, again with humility, not power; as man, not God:

It is written again: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!

"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God:" it would be a mistake to think that what Our Lord meant here was: "It is wrong for you to tempt Me, since I am the Lord your God." Not at all; this was exactly the kind of admission the devil wanted to hear, and that Our Lord refused to give. And as to the "angels bearing Him up," the fact is that the one thing Our Lord would not allow His angels to do for Him during His public life (except on one or the other very rare occasion) was to "carry Him on their hands"! The real meaning of the text from the Old Testament was: "No one shall do foolish or presumptuous things in order to make

God prove that He is merciful or loving or almighty." "Tempting God" in the language of the Bible did not mean tempting God to sin, but rather putting God on trial, so to speak, to see if He was really God.

In brief, then, the second temptation could be said to amount to this:

"Cast yourself down from here; if You are the Son of God, God will send His angels to save You; the Scripture says so!"

And Our Lord's answer was:

"The Scripture also says: no one shall do foolhardy things in the hope that God will save him from his folly!"

But why, we may be inclined to ask, did Our Lord allow Himself to be led about in this manner by Satan, his malicious enemy, the one He had come on earth to conquer? Or why even submit to the ordeal, the humiliation, of the temptation at all?

St. Gregory has the answer for this doubt. It should not be surprising, he says, that Our Lord allowed Himself to be led about by the devil in His temptation, since He was going to allow Himself to be nailed by the devil's henchmen to the cross!

The Saints and holy writers have also wondered just in what manner the devil "took Him up into the holy city and set Him upon the pinnacle of the temple." Were they both invisible, or both visible? Or was the devil invisible, and Our Lord visible? It is an interesting matter of speculation for the friends of Our Lord to try to picture in their mind's eye just how this second temptation took place.

One of the holy writers suggests as a reason for believing that at least Our Lord remained visible during this temptation, the idea that Satan, having put Our Lord on the pinnacle of the temple, pointed out the people walking about

below, and tried to arouse some kind of vanity in Our Lord with the thought: "How the people will be shocked to see You falling, and then surprised when the angels save You! What a hero You will be!"

And St. Thomas opens the way to an interesting viewpoint in his supposition that both Satan and Our Lord were visible. It was customary, he says, for people to climb to the top, or the highest parapet, or "the pinnacle" of the temple by certain staircases provided for the purpose, just to view the scenery from this lofty height. And Satan may have taken Our Lord to this spot by simply leading Him up one of these stair-cases, the two of them in visible form climbing, like any two ordinary sightseers or pilgrims in the holy city, step by step up the stairs to the pinnacle of the temple. And the "interesting viewpoint" in this supposition is: what about the other pilgrims, the really ordinary sightseers, whom they may have passed on the way? Does it not present a strange and thrilling picture to our minds to think that ordinary people like ourselves may have rubbed shoulders with the Evil One out of hell and the Son of the living God as the two of them climbed side by side on their mysterious errand up the staircase to the pinnacle of the temple!

In the third and last temptation

the devil took Him up into a very high mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.

There is of course no mountain in the world so high that "all the kingdoms of the world" can be seen from its peak in actual fact. So here there is question rather of suggestions or impressions produced on Our Lord's imagination by the devil than of actual external experiences. Such would be the



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case even if the devil had taken Him up to some mountain top in order to present the suggestion or temptation to Him there. Indeed, there is a mountain in Spain which is said to be the very one on which this temptation took place, and which is called "Tibidabo Mountain" from the words the devil used: "*Haec omnia tibi dabo*", i. e., "All this will I give Thee."

But what about "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them?" Just what did the devil show Our Lord there? Especially in the way of "the glory of them?"

Perhaps we can find a clue in the devil's words recorded by St. Luke in this temptation:

To Thee will I give all this power, and the glory of them; for to me they are delivered, and to whom I will, I give them. If thou then wilt adore before me, all shall be thine.

"To me they are delivered:" St. Thomas says that if the devil meant that he owns all the kingdoms of the world, "he is a liar." The only way that Satan can get power on earth is if human beings freely give it to him themselves; "*to me they have delivered themselves*" would then be a true meaning of this phrase. And what the devil showed Our Lord was the glamour and glitter of all he owned, all that had thus been "delivered" to him, in the world; the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life: bathing beauty contests, Hollywood, the "great white way"; easy money, graft and rackets and their million dollar homes, luxurious yachts, sinful vacations; military glory, the blare of martial bugles, men marching by the tens of thousands; dictators, concentration camps, slavery under the heel of boasting, lying Hitlers and

Stalins.

This is the kind of thing Satan had the effrontery to present as a bribe to the Prince of Peace and Purity! How could he ever have made such an insane proposition, offering to Our Lord precisely the sinful excesses which He had come to destroy; and at the price of an act of folly and idolatry: "if falling down Thou wilt adore me!"

St. Thomas says that by the time of the third temptation Satan had convinced himself that Our Lord could not possibly be God (whatever doubts he may have had before.)

And not understanding anything of its meaning except that this Man seemed to want to be King of the world, Satan may have thought that here was something he could capitalize on by making a pretentious (even if lying) offer of "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them."

If falling down thou wilt adore me.

That was the crowning insanity and insult of it all. He promises a lie, for an act of blasphemy and degrading idolatry!

No wonder Our Lord cried in just indignation:

Begone, Satan!

But even here He was speaking rather as man than as God; for he added at once

It is written: The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve!

Again, for the third time, His simple: "It is written;" and this time an appeal to a law binding on absolutely all men, Jews and Gentiles alike. His "begone, Satan!" was then the command with which any human being might meet temptation. He had chosen to meet Satan's temptations on that human ground.



## Side Glances

*By the Bystander*

The bystander takes a seat, this month, beneath the pulpit of a non-Catholic minister in New York City, and listens to and comments on what is coming to be a kind of stock tirade against the Catholic Church and Catholics. This time the minister is Mr. Donald Harrington, destined to be installed as pastor of what is known as the Community Church of New York, in place of the retiring Mr. John Haynes Holmes. He made the speech from which we quote several months ago. In this and similar tirades there is a frequent sprinkling of such words as "authoritarian," "intolerance," "undemocratic," "dictatorship," etc., all of them used in very strange and confused senses. The purpose of this commentary on the tirade is not merely to make a defense of the Catholic Church, which is not badly in need of defense against such charges, but 1) to point out the true meaning of some of the terms used and 2) to point out the true position, purposes and principles of the Catholic Church in the face of crass misrepresentations of her aims and methods.

Mr. Harrington's diatribe was composed of quite simple and absolute statements, with few shadings or modifying clauses to lessen the universality of his charges. Here is one such: "The Catholic Church is both a state and church rolled into one. It contains not a shred of what we call democracy, and it is ruled by an infallible hierarchy that is a professional class with no responsibility to the lay community." Gather round, ye thinkers, philosophers and ordinary believers in common sense, and let us take a close look at this sweeping statement. First, let us note that there is no school of thought nor body of teaching in the entire world that makes a clearer

and more incisive distinction between the church and the state than that which is Catholic. According to that teaching, the purpose of the church is the salvation of the immortal souls of her members; the purpose of the state is the temporal welfare of its citizens. Only the most foggy and illiterate sort of thinking could induce a man to say that the Catholic Church is a state; it is like saying that the president of the United States is a bishop.

That there is "no shred of democracy" in the Catholic Church, depends entirely on what is meant by democracy, and it is obvious that Mr. Harrington's mind on this is very hazy. Since he assumes that the Catholic Church is a state, which it is not, he is also assuming that she should act like the best kind of a state he knows, viz., a democratic state. She should, he no doubt means, have regular balloting among her members, should adopt only majority opinions, should have elections for her officials, should hold nothing as so true that a vote could not change it. What Mr. Harrington does not know is that these external trappings of political democracy, concerned as it is with temporal matters, do not make or unmake the democracy of the Catholic Church, simply because it is not a political society. Its primary, essential and complete purpose is to help men to save their souls by making known to them the words, the will and the ways of God as He has revealed them. Furthermore, she presents to the political bodies of the world, called states, the only principle or truth that makes any sense out of democracy, viz., the truth that every human being is a sacred and glorious entity, possessed of inalienable rights and a magnificent destiny, because he was made for

heaven and eternal happiness with God. The Catholic Church does not take a vote of her members on the importance of the fifth or the sixth or the seventh commandment simply because the only vote that counts regarding these things was cast when man was created—and that was God's.

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That "the Church is ruled by an infallible hierarchy that is a professional class with no responsibilities to the lay community" is about as irresponsible a statement as could be made. Does its author think that responsibility to the lay community is the only and final responsibility by which a can can be bound? The members of the Catholic hierarchy bear a tremendous responsibility to God for the souls of their people, so tremendous that they will probably be buried deeper in hell than anybody else if they fail to live up to it. Under that primary and most weighty responsibility they are responsible to the lay community in the same sense that any professional class is responsible. A doctor does not ask his patient's opinion as to what medicine or treatment should be prescribed for him, and that, in Mr. Harrington's sense, would make him irresponsible to the lay community. Doctors are responsible to the lay community for the right use of the medical knowledge only they are presumed to have; teachers are responsible to the lay community for the loyal exercise of the authority their position as teachers gives them; so too, priests, bishops, pope—the whole Catholic hierarchy—are responsible to the lay community for what God has empowered them and their training has prepared them to do for the souls of men. To say there is no responsibility to the laity in the Catholic hierarchy is pure drivle.

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Here is another resounding "axiom" of Mr. Harrington that is so put as to influence hearts with prejudice and not to convince minds of truth. "The goal of the

Catholic Church in this country, as evidenced by numerous expressions of doctrine, is to induce all Catholics to function primarily as Catholics, and, eventually, to enroll every American in the Catholic Church." Again there is that undertone of accusation that the Catholic Church is a state, wants to be a bigger and more powerful state, is running competition with the state that is called America. This is utterly false. The goal of the Catholic Church, as may be proven from all her doctrines, is the salvation of men's souls. To that end she wants every Catholic to be true to all his duties to God, and she wants every non-Catholic to learn and to do what is necessary to save his soul. She is not interested in numbers as such, but in the salvation of individual members; she is not interested in political power, but in spiritual security for her members; she is not primarily concerned even with the kind of political state in which her members live, but only with their living in any state in such a way that they will save their souls.

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Again Mr. Harrington: "In a democracy, everyone is supposed to think for himself. But the virtue of obedience makes a good Catholic and this attitude of submissiveness itself constitutes something of a threat. It leaves Catholics open to dictatorship." Here is the same wild confusion of the political duties of a citizen in a democracy with the duties of a man toward God. This is a minister of religion, practically stating that there should be no such thing as obedience in religion, or worse still, that they who practice obedience to God in religion are a threat to democracy! This is a minister of religion asserting that, just as a man should think for himself on whether he should vote democratic or republican, or whether John Smith or Joe Doakes should be elected mayor of his city, so he should think for himself on whether he

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need pray or be pure or whether he may tell lies or commit abortion or steal. If obedience to God in religion is a threat to democracy, then obedience of children to parents, and of citizens to their lawfully constituted authorities, and of employees to employers, is just as much a threat to democracy. Surely anyone can see that such scorn for obedience would be the destruction of a democracy. The fact of the matter is that the obedience of Catholics is just about the only real barrier to dictatorship in the world. Their obedience is given, not to blind or arbitrary rules, regulations and decisions, but to eternal and necessary laws that exclude in every minutest prescription the remotest beginnings of dictatorship of man over man.

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The basic error of a man like Mr. Harrington is one that he shares with too many of his fellow-Americans. It is the disastrous error that there is no such thing as irrefutable truth, absolute principle, eternal law, and objective religious and spiritual

doctrine by which men's lives must be guided. To him, and to his intellectually stunted fellows, all human problems are like the problem of whether to vote for Dewey or Truman, or whether a TVA is of benefit to America, or whether he should or should not vote a bonus to ex-soldiers. To lie or not to lie, to commit adultery or not to commit adultery, to steal or not to steal—all such things, according to such men, should be left to a vote of the people. Until such men realize that there are two kinds of objects for the human mind to consider, the one the incontrovertible and necessary truths that bind all men everywhere and at all times, the other the disputable and temporal and contingent issues that arise in the practical realm from day to day, they are bound to think fuzzily and to talk foolishness. Until they study and grasp that distinction they will continue to rail at the Catholic Church because she alone refuses to decide by ballot the everlasting truths that have been fixed by the everlasting God.

## Urgent

A sister-in-law of Andrew Carnegie was very worried because her two boys in college were very remiss in their correspondence home. Carnegie reassured her, saying that he knew a sure way of getting them to write; in fact so certain was he of success that he was willing to bet \$100 that he could get results by return mail. Someone who knew the boys took the bet, and Carnegie immediately sat down and wrote his nephews a pleasant letter about nothing in particular. He then mentioned casually in a postscript that he was enclosing a \$5 bill. Purposely, of course, he did not enclose any money at all. The next mail brought two letters from the boys, thanking their uncle for his kind note, and reminding him of his oversight.

## Like the Dickens

The *Junior Digest*, quoting the *Brief*, tells of a Siamese newspaper which started an English edition, and made the following announcement:

The news of English. We tell the latest. Writ in perfect style and most earliest. Do a murder get commit we hear and tell of it. Do a mighty chief die we publish it and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been to college and writ like the Dickens and the Kipling. We circulate every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it.



## Catholic Anecdotes

### *Lesson for Christians*

The leader of the forces ranged against the Christian armies in one of the great medieval Crusades was Saladin. He was a man of considerable innate nobility of character, and, in fact, on several occasions displayed better qualities than some of the Christian leaders, who were selfish and mercenary even in the midst of the campaign to liberate the Holy Land.

It is indeed a matter of record that such was Saladin's generosity during his life that he died penniless, and that this happened by his own choice is apparent from the following incident.

When dying, he called his standard bearer and said to him:

"You who have carried my banner in the wars will now carry the banner of my death. Let it be a vile rag set on a lance, and as you carry it through Damascus, cry to the people: 'Lo! at his death the King of the East could take nothing with him save this cloth only.'"

At Saladin's funeral this prescription was carried out, to the edification of the vast throngs who crowded the streets of Damascus as their leader's body was carried to its final resting place.

### *Scars of Anger*

Hazel Farris in *Better Homes and Gardens* describes how, as a little girl, she frequently gave way to displays of temper, and was taught a lifelong lesson by her father.

"Every time you fly into a temper," her father said, "I will pound a nail into our gatepost."

Soon there was a large number of

nails in the post, so that the little girl grew very ashamed of herself, and made a serious effort at self control. In order to encourage her, her father agreed to pull out one nail for every deed of kindness she performed, and the plan worked so well that soon there was only one nail left. As the father drew it out of the post, the little girl clapped her hands and cried:

"See! now they are all gone."

"Yes," said her father gravely, "but notice how the scars still remain!"

### *Values*

A Capuchin priest, working for the Indians in northern Venezuela, was once engaged in conversation by an oil worker, one of many who are clustering in this part of South America, which has proven such a rich field for the "black gold."

The oil worker had noticed how poor and comfortless was the life of the missionary, and he remarked:

"You've picked out a strange way to waste your life."

"Possibly," the priest replied, "but of course it depends on what you are looking for. Recently one of my Indians stole the pay sack of one of the oil companies, threw away the thousands of dollars in the sack, and made off with what to him was precious, the canvas bag."

Here he paused, and the oil worker waited curiously.

"My ideas of what is precious," the priest finally went on, with a smile, "are different both from yours and from the Indian's."

The incident is related by Father Considine in *Call for Forty Thousand*.



## Pointed Paragraphs

### Pro-Labor Congressmen

The two men in the House of Representatives at Washington who are doing the most for labor (which, at this writing, means leading the fight for the repeal of the Taft-Hartley Law), are Representatives John Lesinski of Michigan, and Augustine Bernard Kelley of Pennsylvania. Both are democrats, but they have other things in common. Their backgrounds make an interesting study when it is known how stoutly they are championing the cause of labor.

1. Both men are large scale employers. Representative Lesinski owns and operates two lumber yards near Detroit, and is said to have constructed some 4000 homes in the area known as Hamtramck. Representative Kelley owns two coal mines and a coke plant in Pennsylvania, and all his employees are members of the United Mine Workers headed by John L. Lewis. No newspaper has ever supported him for election, yet last fall he won his seat in Congress by a two-thirds majority over his opponent. Apparently neither of these employers sees a danger to free enterprise in strengthening labor unions and protecting them from discriminatory legislation.

2. Both men are fathers of large families. Representative Lesinski (himself one of 15 children) has seven children. Representative Kelley has nine children, five of them attending Catholic University or Georgetown in Washington. No doubt their experience with raising large families has helped them to understand the problem that working men must face in raising their own

families on inadequate wages.

3. Both men are Catholics, and obviously are not to be included among those Catholic employers whom Pope Pius XI so severely castigated in his Encyclical on Atheistic Communism for opposing some of the clear principles on social relations laid down in *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*.

These men are both cooperating with labor unions in their own fields, and promoting such cooperation through legislation at Washington.

### Humble Scientist

The old idea that there just had to be opposition between science and religion, or that scientists should at least be indifferent if not inimical toward religion, is passing rapidly.

After the death of Dr. Willard H. Dow, head of the famed Dow chemical empire, who was killed in an airplane accident in March, it was revealed that he had often spoken to his friends as follows:

"It is not without significance that the capable scientists of today tend to be devoutly religious. Many of those who claimed to be scientists a generation ago took pride in proclaiming themselves atheists. We of today are better informed and have the perspective to recognize our insignificance in the divine order."

In other words, the scientists are beginning to learn humility, which is merely the consciousness of the limitations of even the vastest human knowledge, and the recognition of an omniscient and supreme Being who made the



world that the scientist merely studies. Dr. Dow's sudden death should promote such humility in scientific minds.

### *Convert to Cooperation*

One of the richest men in the United States has recently helped the cause of labor immensely by his words and actions. He is Mr. Joseph E. Uihlein, part owner and one time director of the mammoth Schlitz Brewing Co. of Milwaukee and ruler of what is sometimes said to be one of the largest financial empires west of the Alleghenies.

In recent years Mr. Uihlein, though not a Catholic, has been a student of the social doctrines of the Catholic Church, especially of the encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI. He marvels at the wisdom of these teachings, but grows eloquent over the ignorance of many Catholics concerning them. And when he is accused of being "leftist" or "parlor pink" or "socialistic" for his own recent statements and actions, he likes to say that he is just about as leftist as Popes Pius XI and Leo XIII.

What stunned his capitalistic friends recently was his resigning from the directorship of the great First Wisconsin National Bank, with the avowed purpose of helping to organize white collar workers into unions. He feels that this class of working people has been neglected. On the one hand, they have been made to feel that joining a union was beneath their dignity, and on the other they have been, as a rule, grossly underpaid. Mr. Uihlein says of these workers:

"I believe that five to six million Americans can better their lot by joining white collar unions. I hope to do what I can to encourage this. I am not in it for any honor for myself, but only through a desire to help the working class . . . The time is going when it is

possible for one man to have four cars while another has hardly a loaf of bread."

In explaining why he has often recommended welfare funds for Schlitz employees (which have usually been voted down by the board of directors) he has said: "I am interested in having the people who helped make the business share in the profits. That seems to me as being perfectly logical."

It is also in perfect accord with what Pope Pius XI has said: "We consider it more advisable in the present condition of human society that the work contract should be somewhat modified by a partnership contract as is being done in various ways and with no small advantage to workers and owners. Workers and other employees thus become sharers in ownership or management or participate in some fashion in the profits received."

### *Rules for Proms*

The archdiocese of Milwaukee has taken the lead in meeting the dangers that have come to be associated with the annual high school and college proms held at the end of the school year. It has drawn up an official set of regulations to be observed in connection with the proms held by the fifteen high schools in the archdiocese. Furthermore, it has avoided extremism and rigorism by enlisting the help and advice of the parents of students in drawing up the rules.

We readily acclaim this program because, in our travels about the country, we have heard much bewailing the evils of prom nights on the part of parents, law enforcement officers, and even, at times, of students themselves. To all such bewailers we can now point to an excellent set of rules, most of which could be adopted and enforced even by

individual parents, whether they are Catholic or not, and whether their children attend a Catholic or a public school. Following are the principal regulations:

1. Proms are to begin at 8 and to close at 11:30. Doors are to be closed from 8:30 to 11:15 to eliminate strangers and "crashers." Students are not to leave the building during the prom.

2. Students are to be home between one and one-thirty, unless parents set an earlier hour, and this applies even to those who attend post-prom parties. Parents are encouraged to have post-prom parties in their homes, to prevent visits to taverns and other unsavory places.

3. Proms are to be semi-formal, i e., girls are to wear formal dresses and boys, suits, but girls will not be allowed to wear evening gowns with drop shoulders or straps. All are to know that any girl failing against this rule will be dismissed from the prom.

4. The ticket ceiling for proms will be \$3 and corsage ceiling \$1.50, both to be paid at the same time to the school.

If there must be high school proms, rules such as these will minimize the dangers that have grown into them through the years.

### *A Different Language*

A judge in St. Louis recently summed up his experience with psychiatrists, on the occasion of a request by a lawyer that a defendant be examined for mental weakness.

"My experience with psychiatrists has been very poor because they work theoretically. They refuse to accept the legal definition of insanity. Talk to them and you might just as well talk to a stone wall. They think that the field of psychiatry is their sole forte. You might just as well not submit the legal definition of insanity to them. They won't consider it."

The reason is, judge, because three out of four psychiatrists in America are steeped in the mumbo-jumbo of the Freudian school. They believe that just about all of us are insane, filled with mother's womb complexes, childhood fixations, secret urges to kill, etc. And if all of us are insane, how unjust it would be to pin the label on a prisoner in the dock, even to save him from a tough sentence. And come to think of it, how unjust that he should be in the prisoner's dock at all, when all the rest of us are just teeming with the urges that he happened to put into action.

If the Freudian psychiatrists are correct, the only thing to do is to close up all our courtrooms and turn the country into one huge mental institution. We are all fit subjects for the looney bin.

### *Shut-in Day*

The first Sunday of June is International Shut-in Day. It is a day on which all well people are urged to do some service for a Shut-in, e.g., take one to church, or out for a ride, or to visit friends; or visit a Shut-in, send or bring a present, etc. Help make it a big day for Shut-ins!



# Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

*Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer*

## HISTORY OF HERESIES

### Chapter XIV. Heresies of the 16th Century

#### 3. *The English Schism (Cont.):*

The story of the English schism, after the death of Henry VIII, is an amazing one. It is a story of political intrigue, of plots and counter-plots, near civil war, and the use of religious issues as political pawns. Noble blood flowed freely at the execution block. And the sad result of it all was the loss of the English kingdom to the true faith.

Among the tutors whom Henry left the young king was Edward Seymour, Count of Hereford, brother of Jane Seymour, the mother of Edward. The Count was a Zwinglian, though up to this time he had passed for a Catholic. Perceiving that, for the most part, the other tutors were Catholics, he set about to wrest the reigns of government into his own hands. He contrived to suppress Henry's true testament, and to publish another which declared Edward head of the Church of England, and named himself regent of the kingdom. He consequently had himself created Duke of Sommerset and assumed the title of *Protector of England*.

As regent of England, the Duke now set about to propagate his own heresy. Acting upon the advice of Calvin, given him in a long letter, he forbade the bishops to administer Orders without the permission of the king, and permitted only Zwinglian ministers to preach. Among these preachers was the impious Cranmer, false archbishop of Canterbury, Hugo Latimer, who had formerly been degraded because of his preaching against the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, and three

of the most celebrated ministers of Satan in all Europe, Martin Bucer, Peter Martyr, and Bernardine Ochino. Catholic professors were expelled from the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and their seats given to heretics; two Zwinglian teachers were given to the young king, and an attempt made even to pervert Mary, Edward's sister; the six articles published by Henry on the subject of the faith were abolished, and a decree of Parliament, likewise, abolished the Roman religion, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and images of the Saints. The Duke of Sommerset also published an edict commanding that Communion be distributed under both species. All bishops and others who opposed these supposed reforms were cast into prison, stripped of their dignities and members of the would-be reformed religion were substituted for them.

Such were the machinations of the Duke of Sommerset against the Catholic Church. But the cup of his iniquity was already filled and the vengeance of almighty God was soon visited upon him. He had elevated his brother Thomas Seymour to the dignity of admiral of the fleet. The admiral sought and obtained the affection of the queen, Catherine Parr, the last wife of Henry. When, at first, he sought his brother's permission for the marriage, it was granted, and the marriage was solemnized. The duchess of Sommerset, however, out of jealousy, soon engineered a violent quarrel between the brothers. The flame was fanned by John Dudley,

Count of Warwick, who had little love for either brother, but who appeared to be acting as mediator between them. He contrived to have an accusation brought against the admiral for attempting the life of his brother. Thomas was brought to trial, convicted, condemned to be decapitated and was executed on the 20th of March, 1549.

After the death of the admiral, the Count of Warwick remained in the good graces of the regent, though secretly plotting against him. His opportunity was not long in coming. The French army seized the town of Boulogne, in Picardy. The people and many noblemen of the kingdom blamed the loss of this English possession upon the regent because of his failure to send opportune and sufficient reinforcements to the city. The Count of Warwick, thereupon, succeeded in convoking Parliament, which, at the time, was composed almost entirely of his friends. Parliament had the regent cast into prison and brought to trial. He also was sentenced to death, and on October 14, 1549, was decapitated, to the great satisfaction of heretics and Catholics alike.

As a result of this successful bit of intrigue, the Count of Warwick seized the administration of the kingdom, taking to himself the title of Duke of Northumberland. So great was his influence that he succeeded in obtaining from Edward a testament in favor of Jane Grey of Suffolk, wife of his son. By virtue of this she was declared sole heirress of the kingdom to the exclusion of Mary, daughter of Queen Catherine, and Elizabeth. Upon the death, therefore, of Edward, at the age of 16, on July 6, 1553, the Count sent emissaries to assure himself of the person of Mary. But his secretary, a Catholic, taking pity upon Mary, apprised her and her followers of the plot.

Mary fled to the Count of Norfolk. He and his followers espoused her cause and raised an army of 50,000 men. The Duke arrived at the head of 30,000 men to take Mary captive. But before the armies engaged each other, the Duke's followers deserted him, and he fled to London, where he was captured and thrown into prison. Both he and the unfortunate Jane Grey were condemned to death and executed, and Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, for her part in the conspiracy, was also imprisoned. The Duke of Northumberland had been a Calvinist, but for purely political reasons. Before his death, he abjured the heresy, confessed to a Catholic priest, and declared publicly that it was only to see the crown pass into his own family that he had feigned to be a heretic.

Upon assuming the reigns of government, the good queen Mary refused the sacrilegious title of head of the English Church, and immediately sent ambassadors to Rome to profess obedience to the Soverign Pontiff. She revoked the official acts of her father and brother to the prejudice of the Catholic religion, and reestablished its public practice throughout the kingdom. Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, was condemned, as a heretic, to perish by fire. And when he perceived that feigned conversion would avail him nothing, he died a Calvinist repenting his repentance. All heretics were driven from the country: 30,000 of them, of all species and varieties fled the country.

Mary, moreover, declared Cardinal Pole innocent, and employed him as a legate between Pope Julian III and England. Upon returning to England, at the insistence of Mary, the Cardinal reconciled the kingdom to the Holy See and declared the schism at an end.



Conducted by T. Tobin

## CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

REV. CALVERT P. ALEXANDER, S.J. 1900-

### Catholic Critic

#### I. Life:

Calvert Page Alexander is one of the sons of Hollis Williams and Rosemary Conroy Alexander. He was born on September 18, 1900, in St. Paul, Minnesota. Shortly after his birth the family moved to St. Louis. His early education was received at the Harrison grade school and St. Louis University High School. The illness of his mother caused him to leave St. Louis University in his sophomore year. He went to work as a reporter on the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. For a short time he worked on the St. Louis *Star-Times*. In 1924, Calvert entered the Society of Jesus. After completing his novitiate he returned to finish his course at St. Louis University. The degrees of A.B. and A.M. were awarded him in 1926 and 1928. The years 1929-1936 were spent in teaching at St. Louis University High School. Ordination to the priesthood came in 1936 at the chapel in St. Mary's College, Kansas. For a brief time Father Alexander taught at Marquette University. In 1938 his superiors appointed him editor of the *Jesuit Missions*. Father Hubbard, the glacier priest, and Father Alexander made a 35,000 mile trip around the world to visit the Jesuit mission fields. Articles and films record their impressions of the trip. Father Alexander still serves as editor of the *Jesuit Missions*.

#### II. Writings:

The experience that Father Alexander had in his newspaper work has helped to give a definite direction to his priestly life. With the exception of a few years spent in teaching as a scholastic and a very brief period after ordination, Father Alexander has devoted most of his time to writing. Any one who has had to meet deadlines for eleven years has had to do quite a bit of writing. But, unfortunately, his only published book was written while he was a theological student. This one book has been of sufficient merit to warrant his election to the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors.

#### III. The Book:

The development of Catholic letters stood in need of an historian to record the past accomplishments and to point the direction for future achievements. In 1935 Calvert Alexander issued *The Catholic Literary Revival*. As every book that is needed at a definite time, it at once became a popular reference work. The book traces the history of Catholic literature from the days of Newman, through the Chesterton-Belloc epoch, to the present day. The dominant trends as well as the important authors are featured in the narrative. *The Catholic Literary Revival* is a fine example of historical reporting and critical evaluation.

## JUNE BOOK REVIEW

### A Great American

*John England—American Christopher.* By Dorothy Fremont Grant. 167 pp. Milwaukee, Bruce. \$2.75.

To the Catholic Church in America, slowly and painfully developing in the decades immediately following the Revolution, several outstanding leaders were granted by Providence. But of all of them none better captured the imagination of his contemporaries, none manifested a greater versatility in brilliance, than Irish-born John England, first bishop of Charleston. This new biography by a well-known convert makes no pretense of being comprehensive; rather, as the title suggests, it dwells upon a number of facets of his work which mark him out as a "Christopher"—one who, in Father Keller's definition, brings Christ into the market place.

The range of Bishop England's interests and his accomplishments was indeed remarkable. He was a pioneer apostle of Catholic action in a section of the country where the church was almost entirely submerged. He was far ahead of his time in his interest, in the Catholic press, as a means of forming an active and intelligent laity. Amid the intense difficulties of his situation, and ceaselessly ministering to the scattered Catholics in his immense diocese, he found time to controvert the numerous attacks made upon his faith by her enemies. Added to all this, his brilliance as an orator was so universally recognized that he was invited to address the United States Congress, and did so in a three hour speech which unashamedly dealt with his religious beliefs, and won a tremendous ovation from an audience composed of men of all beliefs and no beliefs at all.

All these accomplishments Mrs. Grant touches upon with clarity and enthusiasm. The definitive biography of Bishop England was written many years ago by the

late Monsignor Guilday, but for those who have not the time nor the inclination to take up Guilday's carefully documented two-volume work, this short biography should serve as a good introduction to one who left an indelible mark upon the history of the Catholic church in America, and the mainspring of whose life is perhaps best summed up in his own dying words: "Tell my people that I love them."

### The Mothers' Saint

*To Heaven Through a Window.* The Life of St. Gerard Majella. By John Carr, C.S.S.R. 303 pp. New York: Declan X McMullen Co. \$3.50.

One morning Signora Majella opened the door of her son's room to find an empty bed, and a torn bedsheet hanging from the window. On the table Gerard had left her a note: "I am going away to become a Saint." With these words Gerard's intention to become a Redemptorist lay brother was made known to his mother.

Father John Carr, the Irish Redemptorist, has used this incident to furnish a title for the latest life of St. Gerard. This book was published in Ireland several years ago, and has just been released in an American edition. This edition has been abridged to some extent, and some minor changes have been made in the text.

The striking thing about Gerard is his close touch with the supernatural. In many cases God allows the Saints to work most of their miracles after their death, but Gerard was privileged to accomplish numerous prodigies during his lifetime. As a young boy, the Infant Jesus used to play with him and give him loaves of bread; the Archangel Michael gave him the Bread of Angels for the first time. Gerard lowered a statue of the Infant Jesus into a deep well and a lost key was recovered. In later life God permitted him to read consciences, to restore the dead to life, to multiply



loaves for the poor, to walk on the waves, to rescue drowning fishermen, and to heal the sick and the dying.

Today thousands of mothers invoke St. Gerard as their special patron. Although the Church has not officially designated him as the Mothers' Saint the gratitude of many mothers has done so. Thousands of children have been named after this Saint.

*To Heaven Through a Window* is a well written authentic life of the "wonder-worker of our day." Those who know of the powerful assistance of St. Gerard will be pleased to learn more about the details of his life. This book will also win other clients for the Saint. Father Carr and the McMullen Company are to be congratulated for making this book available to American readers.

### Ecclesiastical Latin Texts

*Second Latin.* By Cora Carroll Scanlon, A.M., and Charles L. Scanlon, A.M. 270 pp. St. Louis; B. Herder Co. \$3.50.

*A Latin Manual.* By Rev. J. H. Gillis, Ph.D. 100 pp. Antigonish: St. Francis Xavier University. \$1.00 paper cover.

The entrance of many former servicemen into the seminaries has created a special problem with regard to the teaching of Latin. Most of them must receive special tutoring in Latin to bring them up to their proper class. These two books seek to supply a text for these special students.

*Second Latin* is a supplement to *Latin Grammar*, the previous book of the authors. "It is intended for students who can devote only two years to the study of Latin, and who must be prepared to read intelligently Latin textbooks of philosophy, theology and canon law." There are five parts to each of the 40 lessons: vocabulary, word study, grammar, exercises and reading. The emphasis is on words and ideas to be used in the ecclesiastical studies. The readings

are passages from philosophy and canon law. *Second Latin* is a practical and thorough text.

Father J. Gillis has compiled a smaller manual of Latin grammar. The first 65 pages outline the basic grammatic rules and the last 35 pages give an ecclesiastical vocabulary. The book would have to be supplemented with practical exercises. *Second Latin* is a much more practical work.

### BRIEF REVIEWS

*Knight of Our Lady, Queen of the Skies.*

The Story of Technical Sergeant Leo E. Lovasik. Published by Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn. Pp. 100. 15c.

This little biography, now in its third printing, consists of a number of extracts from the letters of a young airman whose short span of life was governed by remarkably high ideals, and whose death in a plane crash early in the war proved the age-old truth that God sometimes culls the flowers in His garden before they are full-grown, because then their fragrance is sweetest. Any young man, whether in the service of his country or not, can profit by this account of one who was a soldier, and yet who tried hard to be a saint in the genuine sense of that much-abused term.

*Pray Like That! Prayers Before and After Communion.* By Chanoine J. Bouchat. Translated by J. Robert Charette. Pp. 75. Our Sunday Visitor Press.

A devotional booklet such as this is always welcome to Catholics who are trying to get the most out of their faith. The time of preparation for and thanksgiving after Communion is by all odds the most important in life. Too many Catholics fail to make the necessary effort to profit by their opportunities when Christ is so close to them. Using a prayer-book is almost essential in order properly to concentrate one's thoughts at such a time. This little

booklet has the added advantage of containing the prayers which were suggested to the three children by Our Lady in her apparition at Fatima in Portugal.

*Heart Talks on the Parables.* By Lawrence G. Lovasik, S.V.D. 51 pp. St. Paul, Minn.

Radio Replies Press. 25 cents.

If you just cannot find it possible to make that retreat or day of recollection you planned for so long, get this booklet and gain at least some of the benefits of a retreat at home. Father Lovasik has selected parables from the Gospels as the basis of his heart talks. After presenting the parable told by Our Lord he gives the heart talk of the soul speaking to the Saviour. This is followed by a "spiritual check-up" of a few questions to help the heart talk produce some definite good for the soul.

*The Holy Rosary.* By Lawrence G. Lovasik, S.V.D. 36 pp. St. Paul, Minn. Radio

Replies Press. 15 cents.

The full title of this booklet is: *The Holy Rosary According to the Liturgy.* I wondered, when taking it up to read just how the rosary could be said according to the liturgy. The answer is that after the offering and aspirations suggested for each decade the author has added a prayer taken from the liturgy of the church, for example, from the mass of the Feast of the Holy Family and from the votive mass of the Holy Cross. Aside from the question as to whether or not this constitutes a recitation of the rosary according to the liturgy, it is true that this booklet will help anyone to a more devout recitation of the rosary, especially those who on account of routine need to put more devotion and meditation into the recitation of the rosary. For each of the fifteen decades of the rosary there is a picture to help keep your thoughts on the mystery.

## RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

### Books

*Fundamentals of Logic.* By Sylvester J. Hartman, C.P.P.S. (Herder)

*Man's Last End.* By Joseph Buckley, S.M. (Herder)

*How To Improve Your Personality by Reading.* By Francis B. Thornton (Bruce)

*Shadows Cast Before.* By Peter A. Resch, S.M. (Maryhurst Press)

*Makers of the Modern Mind.* By Thomas P. Neill, Ph.D. (Bruce)

*As We Ought.* By Vincent P. McCorry, S.J. (McMullen)

*Religion and Education Under the Constitution.* By J. M. O'Neill (Harper)

*Nicholas the Boy King.* By Don Sharkey (Ave Maria Press)

*Vision of Fatima.* By Thomas McGlynn, O.P. (Little, Brown and Co.)

*Our Lady of Fatima.* By Father Joseph Delabays. (Benzinger)

*Fatima Week Sermons.* St. Meinrad's Seminary (Grail)

### Pamphlets

RUMBLE AND CARTY: *Knight of Our Lady; God Bless Our Home; Heart Talks on the Parables; The Complete Exposure of Russian Communism; Shadow of His Hand; Just Wages and Salaries; Why Are Anglican Orders Invalid? Quizzes On Christian Science; The Methodists; The Rosicrucians; The Presbyterians; This Way to the True Church.*

GRAIL PRESS: *A Prayer from Harley Gaol; Thou Art My Strength; The Passing World; Would You Like to Be a Priest? This Side of Heaven; Follow Christ.*

BRUCE: *The Way of the Cross Before the Blessed Sacrament.*

AMERICA PRESS: *Come, Follow Me.*

APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS: *Teenagers Frankly Speaking.*

CENTRAL BUREAU PRESS: *Proceedings of Catholic Central Verein, 1948.*

## The Liguorian

### BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, Published at the  
University of Scranton, Pennsylvania

#### I. Suitable for any reader:

Throne of the World—*de Wohl*  
The Great Books—*Gardiner*  
God's Underground—  
John England, American Christopher  
—*Grant*

19 Stories—*Greene*  
Elizabeth, Captive Princess—*Irwin*  
Dinner at Antoine's—*Keyes*  
Information Please Almanac—*Kieran*  
The Old Testament—*Knox*  
The Meek Shall Inherit—*Kossak*  
The Lion Tamer—*MacMahon*  
The Tides of Dawn—*Mally*  
Point of No Return—*Marquand*  
Versus—*Nash*  
The Greatest Story Ever Told—  
*Oursler*

The Happy Grotto—*Oursler*  
What is Man?—*Ramuz*  
Americans from Japan—*Smith*  
Coral and Brass—*Smith*  
Three Roads to Valhalla—*Stewart*  
Agnes Repplier: Lady of Letters  
—*Stokes*  
Smile Please—*Topp*  
The Secret Thread—*Vance*  
Transformation in Christ—*von Hil-*  
*debrand*  
Ye Gods—*Willock*  
Shepherd of the Valley—*Wise*

#### II. Suitable for adults:

A. Because style and contents are too  
advanced for adolescents:

The Universe and Dr. Einstein—  
*Barnett*  
Storm Against the Wall—*Cook*  
Russia's Race for Asia—*Creel*  
Caste and Class in a Southern Town  
—*Dollard*  
The Road to Reason—*du Nouy*  
The Web of Evil—*Emerick*  
Return to Vienna—*Lothar*  
The Man Who Invented Sin—  
*O'Faolain*

The Whole of Their Lives—*Gitlow*  
Eastwick U.S.A.—*Hush*  
American Arbitration—*Kellor*  
All Our Years—*Lovett*  
Plunder—*Adams*  
What the People Want—*Arnall*  
My Uncle Jan—*Auslander*  
Patrick Calls Me Mother—*Barley*  
Abram Son of Terah—*Bauer*  
Lace Curtain—*Berlin*  
The Gathering Storm—*Churchill*  
High Towers—*Costain*

B. Because of immoral incidents which  
do not invalidate the book as a whole:

The Jacaranda Tree—*Bates*  
The Heat of the Day—*Bowen*  
No Place to Hide—*Bradley*  
Shake Well Before Using—*Cerf*  
Mary Wakefield—*De La Roche*  
The Grand Design—*Dos Passos*  
Double Muscadine—*Gaither*  
Wine of Satan—*Gay*  
Cheaper by the Dozen—*Gilbreth*  
Hound-dog Man —*Gipson*  
The Moon is Mine—*Goertz*  
Elephant and Castle—*Hutchinson*  
The Penal Colony—*Kafka*  
Spring Is Not Gentle—*Kirkbride*  
Southern Cross—*Knight*  
To Hell and Back—*Murphy*  
The Norwayman—*O'Connor*  
Tomorrow Will Be Better—*Smith*  
There is No Armour—*Spring*  
Kissing Kin—*Thane*  
The Shining Mountains—*Van Every*  
Sweet and Sour—*Wechsberg*  
The Dukays—*Zilhay*

#### III. Unsuitable for any reader:

An Act of Love—*Woljert*  
The Freebooters—*Wernick*  
Ceremony of Innocence—*Webster*  
The Wastrel—*Wakeman*  
Castle in the Swamp—*Marshall*  
Thieve's Market—*Bezerdies*



## Lucid Intervals

A neat "last word" story concerns one of those professors who, always anxious to improve their courses, add as the last question on final exams, "What have you thought of this course?" The professor in question found the following notation on one of the worst papers: "I think that this was a very well-rounded course. Everything not given during the semester has been included in the final examination."

"That's a nice suit you have on; do you mind my asking how much you paid for it?"

"Not at all, a hundred and ten dollars."

"Don't you think that's quite a lot?"

"Oh, I don't know. I got nine pairs of pants with it."

A candidate for the police force was being verbally examined. "If you were by yourself in a police car, and were being pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing forty miles an hour on a lonely road, what would you do?"

"Fifty," promptly replied the candidate.

Two dairies were engaged in an advertising war in a Western city. One of the companies engaged a daredevil racer to drive a car around the town with large placards, reading:

"This Daredevil Drinks Our Milk."

The rival company came out with placards, twice as large, reading:

"You don't have to be a daredevil to drink our milk."

Aged villager indignantly to doctor, who has told him the pain he complains of in one of his legs may be due to old age: "Old age be danged; T'other leg, he's the same age and he's all right."

A duck whom I happened to hear,  
Was complaining quite sadly. "O dear,  
Our picnic's today,  
And the weathermen say  
The skies will be sunny and clear."

The vegetable man was pushing his cart through the crowded aisles of the big city market.

"Coming through," he called merrily. No one moved.

"Gangway!" he shouted. A few men stepped aside.

He ruefully surveyed the situation and then he smiled as a bright idea struck him.

"Watch your nylons!" he warned. The women scattered like chaff in the wind.

The townsman was buying a fountain pen for his son's graduation gift.

"It's to be a surprise, I suppose," said the clerk.

"I'll say it is," said the father. "He's expecting a convertible coupe."

The following brief story on Benjamin Franklin was handed in by a little girl: "He was born in Boston, traveled to Philadelphia, met a lady on the street, she laughed at him, he married her and discovered electricity."

A married fellow we know recently spent a quiet evening with friends, playing poker. When he got up to go home he was dismayed to see the sun shining brightly.

What would he tell his wife?

At last he hit on an idea. He stepped to the phone, dialed his home number and shouted hoarsely: "It's all right, darling, they let me go. Don't pay the ransom."

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## DISTINCTIONS

**THE LIGUORIAN IS NOT** an advertising medium, with a little reading matter, but far more shrieking announcements that you will find happiness only by buying a certain brand of soap, food, bed, clothing, automobile, toothbrush or cigarette.

**THE LIGUORIAN IS NOT** a picture magazine, with a few platitudes and cliches separating momentary and unimportant snapshots of plants, animals, people, places and events.

**THE LIGUORIAN IS NOT** a house organ or promotional venture, designed to enlist your support in drives, causes, movements or collections.

**THE LIGUORIAN IS NOT** a profit-making business enterprise for its owners, editors, managers or representatives.

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**THE LIGUORIAN IS** an effort to help you use your mind while you use your eyes, and to help you think of your soul while you relax your body.

**THE LIGUORIAN IS** a journal of good reading, good thinking, good living and good dying.

**THE LIGUORIAN IS** concerned with the worries, problems, relationships and goals of the individual human being, no matter what his place in society.

**THE LIGUORIAN IS** dedicated to truth, justice, democracy and religion, and to all that brings happiness to human beings.

•  
For what it is not and for what it is, give a subscription to somebody who will profit by it. Tear out this blank for so doing. Please send The Liguorian for one year to:

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# Motion Picture Guide

## **UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE**

### **Reviewed This Issue**

Adventure in Baltimore  
Bomba, The Jungle Boy  
Boston Blackie's Chinese Venture  
Desert Vigilante  
Man to Men (French)  
Mutineers, The  
Outlaw Country  
Red Stallion in the Rockies  
Ride, Ryder, Ride  
Rusty Saves a Life  
Shamrock Hill  
Shep Comes Home  
Singin' Spurs  
Tulsa

### **Previously Reviewed**

Arctic Manhunt  
Bad Boy  
Blondie's Big Deal  
Blondie's Secret  
Boy With Green Hair, The  
Canadian Pacific  
Challenge of the Range  
Clay Pigeon, The  
Command Decision  
Connecticut Yankee in King  
Arthur's Court  
Courtin' Trouble  
Crashing Through  
Daughter of the Jungle  
Dead Man's Gold  
Desperadoes of Dodge City  
Don't Take It to Heart  
Down to the Sea in Ships  
Duke of Chicago  
Dynamite  
Enchantment  
Feathered Serpent, The  
Fighter Squadron  
For the Love of Mary  
Frontier Revenge  
Green Promise, The  
Gun Law Justice  
Gun Runner  
Gun Smugglers  
Henry the Rainmaker  
Incident  
Jiggs and Maggie in Court  
Joan of Arc  
Jungle Jim  
Law of the West  
Just William's Luck  
Life of Riley

Little Women  
Loaded Pistols  
Louisiana Story  
Ma and Pa Kettle  
Mark of the Lash  
Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill  
Monsieur Vincent (French)  
Mother Is a Freshman  
Old Fashioned Girl, An  
Place of One's Own, A  
Quick on the Trigger  
Red Canyon  
Red Pony, The  
Renegades of Sonora  
Rose of the Yukon  
Scott of the Antarctic  
Secret Garden, The  
Sheriff of Wichita  
Smoky Mountain Melody  
So Dear to My Heart  
Song of India  
S.O.S. Submarine  
Stratton Story, The  
Sun Comes Up, The  
Take Me Out to the Ball Game  
Tarzan's Magic Fountain  
Trouble Makers  
Tuna Clipper  
Tucson  
Valiant Hombre, A  
Whispering Smith

## **UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS**

### **Reviewed This Issue**

Amazon Quest  
Barkleys of Broadway, The  
Big Jack  
Daughter of the West  
Fear No Evil (Italian)  
Indecent

### **Previously Reviewed**

Accused, The  
Act of Violence  
Alias Nick Beal  
Angel on the Amazon  
Bells of San Fernando  
Bribe, The  
Canterbury Tale, A  
Chicken Every Sunday  
City Across the River  
Cover Up  
Dark Past, The  
Decision of Christopher Blake,  
The

Esther Waters  
Every Girl Should Be Married  
Family Honeymoon  
Fan, The  
Far Frontier, The  
Fighting O'Flynn, The  
Flaxy Martin  
Force of Evil  
Grand Illusion (French)  
Hamlet  
Highway 13  
His Young Wife (Italian)  
Homicide  
I Cheated the Law  
I Shot Jesse James  
Johnny Belinda  
Kissing Bandit, The  
Kiss in the Dark  
Knock On Any Door  
Last Bandit, The  
Last of the Badmen  
Letter to Three Wives  
Lucky Stiff, The  
Macbeth  
Man-Eater of Kumaon  
Manhattan Angel  
Michael O'Halloran  
Miss Mink of 1949  
Mr. Belvedere Goes to College  
My Brother's Keeper  
Night Has a Thousand Eyes  
Night Unto Night  
One Sunday Afternoon  
Parole, The  
Piccadilly Incident (British)  
Police Reporter  
Portrait of Jennie  
Shed No Tears  
Snake Pit, The  
Snowbound  
So This Is New York  
State Department—File 649  
Strange Case of Mrs. Crane, The  
Streets of Laredo  
Strike It Rich  
This Was a Woman  
Thunder in the Pines  
Trouble Preferred  
Undercover Man  
Unknown Island  
Walking Hills, The  
Waterloo Road  
Woman in the Hall, The  
Woman's Secret, A  
Words and Music  
Younger Brothers